

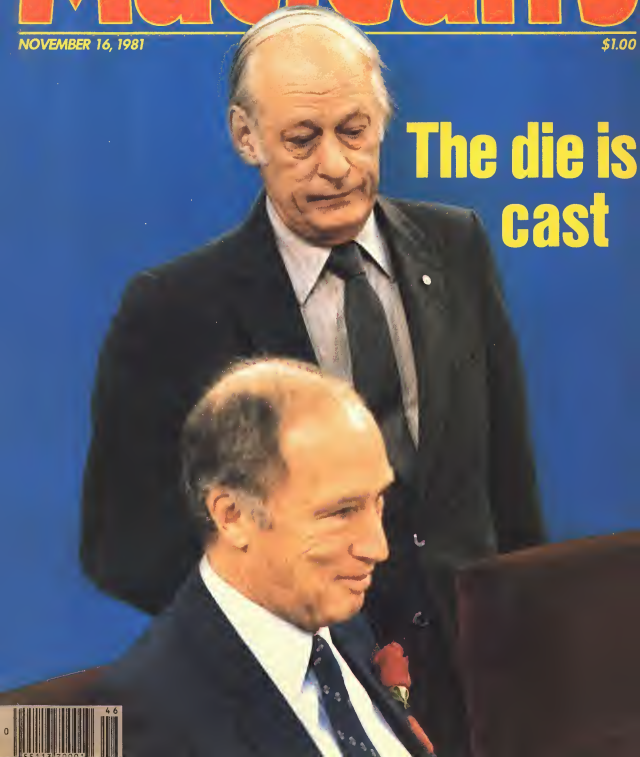
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

NOVEMBER 16, 1981

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**The die is
cast**



Maclean's

COVER STORY

Cement for a nation

After years of heart-wrenching parries and thrusts by Canada's premiers and the federal government, the country—and its leaders—grew up last week and gave birth to a constitution. Though the seemingly isolated shadow of René Lévesque loomed over the show, the nation sighed with relief. Madison's Ottawa staff writer Ian Anderson has incurred a special report.

Page 20



Beyond Camp David

To Israel's dismay, the Saudi peace plan is making diplomatic headway. — Page 40

— Page 46

CONTENTS

Books	60
Classics	61
Canada	38
Children	62
Fotheringham	64
Newsday	65
Cover story	66
Environment	67
Environment	68
Films	69
Follow-up	70
Letters	71
Living	72
Medicine	73
Misc	74
Paragons	75
People	76
Podium	77
Profile	78
Sports	79
Theatre	80
U.S.A.	81
World	82



A hallerina blossoms

Evelyn Hart has found herself and her art with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. —Page 15

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26



Dome mulls it out

The markets may have panned last week, but Doree Peta has salvaged its reputation. —*Page 44*

Page 41



Emblem of the North

Over-hunting and scavenging by the arctic wolf are threatening the caribou. — *Page 60*

Page 6



Well, call us a survivor

In layers of underwear and down, Conchata Fernell plays a paean to perfection. — *Page 46*

Page 46

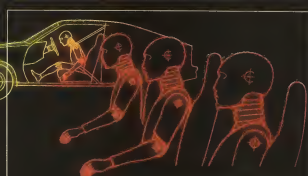


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Crash testing is just the beginning.

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All this science and engineering can't take the place of driving carefully and using seat belts. Please do your part, buckle up whenever you drive. For our part, we've accepted a role of leadership in safety. Last year we spent over half a billion dollars, not including equipment installed on vehicles, to carry out that role.

That's the GM idea of how to use technology to build cars and trucks. Attention to details where you don't see them, as well as where you do. Appearance and comfort may sometimes make a car, but today's customers demand real value.

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The future of transportation is here.



EDITORIAL

The craft of statesmanship won despite the spoiler from Quebec

By Peter C. Newman

He's like a cat. Except that he has more finesse. Pierre Trudeau's crowning achievement in bringing home this country's constitutional crisis again emphasizes the paradoxical nature of the man and the quiescent style of his leadership. This unusual prime minister sometimes between contradictory definitions of himself, sometimes acting out of a selfish resolve to enforce his own way, then, suddenly, switching into the bad-back mode of a lone-blossoming mascot of a 1960s flower child.

The compromise that ended 114 years of having our constitution in British custody was made possible by the goodwill of nine of the 10 provincial premiers, but it was Trudeau who had to move the furthest and give up the most.

In the process every part of the patronage package was improved. The new amendment was not only the approval of the federal Parliament but of legislatures representing at least two-thirds of provinces with half of Canada's population. This will ensure a far greater measure of consensus than was possible in either of the original Victoria or Vancouver formulas. The newly revised charter of rights will allow provinces to opt out (where amendments touch their jurisdictions), but they will not be entitled to

receive compensating federal funds. That may sound contradictory, but what it means is that Ottawa can never be placed in the position of financing the costs of a Quebec separation.

The bargain that led to what was the happy denouement (page 28) helped remind Canadians of René Lévesque's unswerving determination to break up this country. As long as the PQ leader saw no chance of a successful compromise being hammered out, he supported the stand of most of his fellow premiers. As soon as they moved toward a solution, Lévesque isolated himself and went home in a huff.

It was Peter Lougheed, describing the compromises that led to the agreement as "the Canadian way to do things," who set the more appropriate concluding note for the precedent-shattering conference. This was the craft of statesmanship at its finest, with very different men representing very different regions, caught up in the notion that Canada should give its full independence at last. To bring it about, they willingly subverted their more selfish political impulses for the national good.

The accord of Nov. 5, 1981, will be carved in this country's history as one of those rare moments when our political leaders realized what the people of this country have known all along: that Canada is, and always will be, greater than the sum of its parts.



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David					

The crunch

Before reading your article *The Spring Model and Five It Fell* (Business, Nov. 25) I was sympathetic with the 40,000 Canadians who may lose their houses. However, if the figures in the article are representative of those in trouble, it will not shed as much light I read of the poor family making only \$45,000 a year and looking for a larger house. Then there was the unfortunate fellow in Vancouver who had to reduce the selling price of his house (apparently purchased only for investment) from \$280,000 to a paltry \$244,000. You forgot, in mention how much he still made on the deal. To hell with the trials and tribulations of real estate speculation. —JOHN DUNN, Arden, N.S.

Too hot in the kitchen

I suppose that we should be grateful that when the Plebeians had the numbers, and perhaps the inclination to solve the Anglo problem by liquidating the gas oven, they chose instead the equally unorthodox, if more humane, till 141 and other meat loaves to get rid of or shut up those they did not like (Canada, Nov. 25). Their treatment of burning innocent Justice Curran is yet one more deplorable demonstration of their susceptibility and hatred for all non-conformists. —JOHN S. SPINNEY, Jonquière, Que.

PASSAGES



SELECTED Edward Asner, 55, an president of the 50,000-member Screen Actors Guild. The star of the popular TV show *Love* died moved to work against what he called the erosion of union bargaining struck by U.S. President Ronald Reagan. Asner's former gold bond.

NOTES Scientist, author Thérèse Casgrain, 85, in Montreal. She stays page 36.

SELECTED James Lee, 45, as leader of the Front Line and Island Conservative Party. He was therefore as premier, Lee, minister of health under the resigning Angus MacLean, was elected on the third ballot last Saturday night. A real estate agent before his election in 1976, Lee has a formidable majority, is the largest and 18 months before he has to call an election in which he will face the Liberals under their leader, Joe Ghossein, who was elected three weeks ago.



Jim Blair, to talk with speculators

A throne befitting a king

While it may be fashionable to take potshots at corporate success figures, Alton Forthright (Column, Nov. 21) suggests work is culturally serious stuff and dispenses McDonald's of Canada President George Cohen for abandoning the ivory tower and intru-

It is also an appropriate law (the Rite Battle Over the Rights of Catholics, Law, Oct. 12) always were mounted against the publisher of *Harvard Quarterly*. Macdonald's *hem* as reference to suggest that he has any involvement with the distribution of *Harvard Quarterly*. Macdonald's apologies for the *Harvard Quarterly*.

during a sense of humor and a human touch to big business. When Cohen dressed in the green uniform, it was not at a board meeting but at a staff party. He is now a Canadian citizen who, in a short period of time, has accomplished a great deal (the founded Ronald McDonald House, a director of the Canadian Open Company and is a member of 14 other charitable organizations). As for his less-than-shape toilet seat—all executives take their work load home. —DAVID E. GARRICK, Toronto

Pejin's riposte

The article on Van Riel (Power, Nov. 4) is inaccurate and unfair. The article states, "During his years in the political wilderness, Pejin was a board member of Power Corp. when it owned Voyageur Inc. In February the minister returned the favor by appointing as his director of rail passenger administration former Voyageur vice-president Robert Tritley." I had never met Tritley before March, 1981. Voyageur never asked me to join Tritley. I did not accept Tritley. He was selected totally without my knowledge by a group of senior public servants following a consultation of the Public Service Commission. Among the many factors taken into account, I am told, was Tritley's experience between 1964 and 1977 as an employee of the Canadian Transport Commission in the area of rail passenger service. —JEAN LAC PEPIN, Montreal, Quebec



DEED Longtime bus business and four-term mayor of Sudville, N.S., Norman A. Bess, 54, 24, is a morning bus there The Hamiltonian, Ont., native began his career in 1915 as a manager of Consumers Goods Co. He later headed Sudville's two major firms, served as general manager representative to the Ontario-Quebec rail shipbuilding during the Second World War, and became president and director of Central Trust Co. of Canada in the early 1960s. He also served as president of the Canadian Manufacturers Association and was a director of the Bank of Canada.

QUEST Peter Petrusak, 55, a well-known Alberta politician, has pleaded guilty to 58 counts of theft and breach of trust involving nearly \$1 million. The Calgary lawyer is a former president of the provincial Liberal party, city alderman and three-time loser in majority contests. Petrusak will be sentenced on Nov. 24.

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A smooth ride to hell

Oh, what a masterpiece (Cover, Oct. 2007). Such magnificent cynicism. An anti-advertisement collage that challenges our sense of irony. As someone, as self-indulgent, as all-American as Playboy is the car that was advertised in the middle of your opening spread. It's a car that says, I'm all right Jack and to hell with you. I hate the poor blacks pictured on the facing page of the magazine. —TERRY O'NEILL

—CHRIS PATTERSON,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Was it the Ford organization or you who ironically separated the partners of the Cancun conference site and the Guatemalan children with the car advertisement? Some of us wish drive to hell in luxury.

—M.J. HERNANDEZ

White Lake, Ont.

How utterly appropriate to place an advertisement for a luxury car in the middle of your cover story that was headed *Rich Versus Poor: One Last Chance*. It illustrates perfectly the "growing credibility gap between the North's past promises and the desperate reality of life in the South." Given the choice between a car and charity in the North, what chance do the poor have?

—HENRY FATHALL
Barrow, Cal.

In search of summation

It is quite apparent that Barbara Avelle chose not to read the judgment of the Canadian human rights tribunal in the *Bladder* case (Column, Oct. 26). Not

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For all right Jack, to deal with you

only does she misinterpret the legal basis of the decision, but she spends time on hypothetical situations that were, in fact, contemplated by the tribunal. Ariel will have to look elsewhere for an exemption for her "defense of liberty." So far her "peace and dignity" has only been imposed upon by seat-belt and no-carbon legislation. My. Murder, on the other hand, lost its job.

—JENNIFER W. DEFFEL
Parent

While agreeing in general with Barbara Amiel's comments, I also became intrigued with her seeming obsession with car seat-belt law. "The lady dethroned top mark, methinks." Maybe she sees the seat-belt as a new form of the chastity belt being forced upon her person by The Brothers?

—SANDRA S. FORD
Stromboli, Italy

A death camp called home

Congratulations to Jay Fielding on her excellent article *Suffer the Innocent Children* (Podium, Oct. 26). If more people, especially the lawmakers, felt like her, perhaps there would be fewer abused children.

—LIEBOWITZ & MELEMAN
Hunting, Ont.

Jay Fielding parrots, "today's abused child is tomorrow's child abuser," and totally misses the obvious point that today's child abusers were probably abused children. She dismisses any possibility that such people can be helped. She jumps frightened and misinformed

parents together with cold-blooded murderers and maniacs deserving broken bones and sterilization. Fortunately, Parents Anonymous has a different voice. —R. J. KENNEDY

—B.J. FROST,
Kitchener, Ont.

I intend a heartfelt plea for more activities such as Jay Byrdling's. A public outcry for changes in our laws is an urgent need. It's time that people in all walks of life changed their attitude of not getting involved and reached out to free abused children from the death camps they must call home.

—1486 EN TRANSMUTATION
19 JANUARY

Sensible, but wrong

In your note story (Oct. 32) you state that Alan Gold, a prominent Toronto defense lawyer, "sensibly" made the point that the U.S. Bill of Rights was 100 years old before the U.S. Supreme Court found racial segregation to be unconstitutional. Sensibly, perhaps, but inaccurate nonetheless. The U.S. Bill of Rights was adopted in 1791, and it was not until 164 years later that racial segregation was declared unconstitutional by the U.S. Supreme Court. One hundred and five years after the adoption of the Bill of Rights, the court was not only upholding segregation, but was, in fact, strengthening it with its "separate but equal" ruling.

Pratt, N.S.

I have seen the enemy, he is ...?

I enjoyed Earl's Gray's *Posthum* article (Oct. 23) until I read "laissez-faire, laissez-passer" as his solution to the problem of government interference in all things business. Surely we are not to leave the measure of all things in the hands of our free-food marketplaces or conglomerates that abound and thrive in our country? By all means let market forces have a freer hand, but let's make sure that a neutral government remains to protect our citizens. —7112/17/2013
Mickie

John Sear

The long and the short of it

Pray tell me, is Sandra O'Neill in the Guinness Book of World Records (Penguin, Oct. 1997)? She should be, for any girl who is 70 inches tall with 47-inch legs must be unique in that she manages to squeeze hips, waist, chest, neck and head into 28 inches. —TRELL LANTY
Noble, B.C.

Score: BC

Letters are edited and may be condensed.
 Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Mail correspondence to: Letters to the Editor, *Marleau's magazine*, 221 University Ave., Toronto, Ont. M5S 2A9.





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PROFILE: EVELYN HART

A prima ballerina in a class of her own



'She mortgaged everything on a dream. She gambled and won.'

By John Ayres

No glowing prophecies attended the enrolment of Evelyn Hart as a scholarship student at Toronto's National Ballet School. Indeed, none but a bright future seemed likely for the tiny 14-year-old. Intimidated by other, better-trained students, she quickly lost what little faith she had in herself. Time and time again, she phoned her parents, begging for permission to come home immediately. After four months she fled the school in self-imposed disgrace, never to return.

Eleven years later, as Hart prepared for her premiere as Juliet in the Royal Winnipeg Ballet's new production of *Romeo and Juliet*, that anxiety still burned. It was enough to make her feel almost as insecure in her own dressing room. The costumes were all there, but somehow they seemed not to belong to her. A neat row of seven old pairs of pink slippers stood ready to serve if a last-minute air shipment of new ones didn't turn up from Austria. In front of her mirror, a large unopened bottle of club soda (to handle the threat of a punishing three-hour performance) stood in a jumble of makeup and discarded practice clothing.

Clearly Hart was not the cool prima ballerina, marshalling her forces for a performance. Her face, which on a early light-up in childhood expressed about the beauty of ballet, was tense and pale. Two nervous hands wound in and out of a yellow ankle-warmer in her lap as she contemplated her first major classical role. "A problem constantly haunts," she admitted in a light, hoarse voice. "Is that my desire to dance is as great, I'm constantly feeling as though I'm not quite up to par."

Yes, in a Cinderella-like twist of fortune, the dropout of the National Ballet School could one day be the greatest dancer that Canada has ever produced. Major international choreographers who have worked with the Royal Winnipeg in the past year simply rave about her. Vicente Nekras, who set International Ballet of Caracas' showpiece *Our Wilhelmina* in December, exclaimed: "She's a magician. When I tell her something, she immediately understands the message. If what happens between me and her happens with other choreographers, she's going to be one of the world's greatest dancers." Even Roth was during the celebrated Dutch choreographer who spent two months this summer setting *Romeo and Juliet*.



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didn't blush from comparing her "great momentum and great sensuality" with that of Ulanova, one of the great ballerinas of the century. "For me, Ulanova was one of the sexiest people. Rodyn is like that—in a world, in a class, of her own."

Much of this is evident in Hart's trade mark, a short contemporary gas de film by Norbert Vonn called *Belong*. Although it lacks the riotous flamboyance that Hart has always craved, it nevertheless suggests the open boundaries of her ability. In the furious rendition with her partner, David Per-

grine, she binds her hair tightly in a net and wears only slippers and a silver-gray body stocking on her short, hoody, 40-second frame. In the failed style of Ulanova, her beauty comes almost entirely from the expressiveness of her body in motion. The self-mock score operates not so much as a cue, but as a reawakening that first lifts, and then speeds her body through a seamless series of fiery yet effortless pirouettes, lifts and suspenseful arm and leg extensions. Her masculinity elevates a sensational sketch into a bewitching piece of erotica.



With Pergrine in 'Belong' bewitching

When she and Pergrine danced *Belong* at the 19th International Ballet Competition in Yerevan, Bulgaria, last July, the audience went wild and applauded so loud and long (Hart stopped counting at the 14th curtain call) that they almost refused to let the evening go on. With this piece and her eerie, almost trance-like rendering of the gas de film in *Guilty*, Hart overwhelmed the heavily favored Russian girl to win the senior women's gold medal, the most coveted ballet award in the world. In a rare tribute, she was granted the competition's only Specialized Artistic Achievement Award. And she won with the highest marks since the Ballet's Vladimir Vassiliev, in the first competition in 1964. As Pergrine put it, "She outperformed everything on an impossible dream. She gambled and won. She became the fantasy."

Every so often in her apartment, Hart plays a videotape of her Yerevan performance on her Belmanz with a sense of awe of how well she managed to dance. Yet even this somehow fails to give her audience. "It's strange: a gold medal doesn't even make me feel more of a dancer." Oddly, Hart is still more impressed with the work of others. "I still take a look at someone else and say, 'That's perfection and I couldn't possibly do that.' Perhaps one day I will accept that what I have to give is not like someone else, but I'm still at the point where I'm striving for those goals."

This self-isolating sense of inadequacy has always been at the root of Hart's motivation. As with such other late starters in ballet as Nureeva, her

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In 'Five Tangles' a rare, droll cockiness

first feeling was so pithy and surprising that it engendered a close sense of peace. When she was 11, she was turned down at an audition for the National Ballet School and had to make do with rudimentary Saturday evening classes at the "Y" near her home in Peterborough, Ont. Three years later when her father, a United Church minister, transferred to Dorchester, near London, she was able to take serious lessons from the private school of Dorothy Carter. This cleared the way rapidly to a summer session at the National Ballet School and later to her short, painful debacle as a full-time student there. "I wasn't prepared mentally for the ballet, for understanding the feelings, the fatigue, the criticism. I had only one year of training compared to all those kids who had six."

This new disaster did not endear her career in ballet to her parents. Nor did it help that Hnat refused to cut in order to give himself a ballerina's exaggerated shyness. Admits her mother, Blaylock: "While she was at the Carter School, she seemed to get the idea she had to be 50 pounds. That was her limit and that really bothered me." Hnat's father, Terence, was closer to her in temperament and more tolerant of her obsessions. Once a brilliant theological student who won a gold medal for scholarship, he also had a brush with artistic ambition when he was referred to Sir Ernest MacMillan for organ lessons. He was so afraid of failure, however, he could not lose the necessary audition. At the time Evelyn started dreaming of ballet, Mr. Hnat was playing Bach and Brahms for hours on the piano in the basement at home or

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on the organ at his church. Rethy often sat listening to him (he has Grade 4 piano) and moved around impressionistically to the music. Today, listening to music provides her with a rare moment when that reminder of those colonial evening concerts.

At the almost hopelessly late age of 17, Hart had one last chance, the top, obscure Professional Programme of the Royal Wadsworth, which was then a refuge for all the leftover talent who couldn't get in elsewhere. Her uncertain parents took her out one fall weekend. According to her mother, they had a

minister appeal to his congregation in a Dickensian flourish "to take this little ballet student" to board for however long she needed. Once there, Hart suffered through a two-week trial period, fearing that she might not make it. Her terror markedly contrasted with the expressions of her fellow students. Her future partner, David Peregrine, came out to see the new girl with "the look and air of bubble gum" and was dismayed to see her drop in hours after her class.

With her superior promise, however, Hart was soon cravering at such worry as she was suffering herself. Her impa-

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in rehearsal with dancer Angie Lewis

time to catch up the last years ("Go faster. I'm way behind.") earned her the nickname "The Wild One." She sometimes had to be kicked out of the studio because she stayed so late to refine her technique. Her coach, David Mercet, sensed an extraordinary talent. "I couldn't believe the receptiveness of this kid, the natural awareness of movement. I thought, 'Oh my God, she's got it. It's all there.'"
Forthright school wasn't ready for her. Marooned, "I went home and had nightmares the first year."

Despite her obsession with work, there is little that is grating or humorless about Hart. She is, after all, the daughter of the owner, absorbed in her social graces and, outside the theatre, able to turn her self-deprecation into amusing anecdotes. Unlike most dancers, she has retained a childlike relaxation that enriches her art. When she was only 8, Hart used to take dirty dreams off the rack at her grandparents' store in Mitchell, Ont., and pretend to wear them. Later, she loved putting on an oversized, tatty costume that belonged to a girl down the street and moving around with a secretly felt reverence. At a recent dance gala in Ottawa, Hart sat like an entranced groupie

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during a dress rehearsal of the National Ballet's *Romeo and Juliet* banquet series, repeatedly whispering, "Oh, it's beautiful, it's so beautiful," at the set, the costumes and stunts of dancers. She was like a very small child ready to put her hand out to a brightly colored piece of glass. Even her notion of her own stage presence is related to make-believe. "Perhaps I've always wanted to be beautiful. It's not that I don't think of myself as beautiful from the inside. But it's easier to make-believe. For those moments onstage, I am a different person."

Once she was trained, the Royal Winnipeg could only offer half of her dream—that she would become a professional dancer. It was not until two Russian teachers, Madame Zolotareva and Ludmila Bagomedova, suggested in sensitive but insistent training sessions that Hart's abilities were really world-class and should be tested, that the Royal Winnipeg decided to send her to the Vienna competition in July, 1989.

Even by her standards, it was a terrifying experience. Her first international exposure came at a pre-Vienna warm-up in Osaka, Japan, the World Ballet Concours. With a laugh, Hart remembers it as if it were a lifetime ago: "I lay awake with three in the morning. I couldn't eat. I was literally shaking the whole time. It was the first time



Wally Perregrine in "Romeo and Juliet"

onstage that, instead of relaxing after a few hours, I got more and more tense. When I came off, I never wanted to go back onstage again." Yet Hart and Perregrine came out of it with a huge medal each and the high regard of the international judges. In the disappointed Black Sea port of Yarna, Hart was still frustrated, irrationally. Perregrine with repeated demands for rehearsals when he wanted to have a beer or go for a walk to relax. Says Perregrine: "It amazes me how she can keep up that feverish pace, but it obviously works for her."

With the sons of Vienna about her, Canadian audiences suddenly took notice. In Winnipeg, there was a dramatic surge in Royal Winnipeg subscriptions as fans flocked to see Bolog in a most unusual, Hart was the guest star at a \$109-a-ticket National Ballet gala in March in Toronto, at which she performed *Bolog with Perregrine*. The two stole the show not only from established National Ballet stars, but even from ballet giant Carlos Ponce.

In the meantime, Hart was expanding her repertoire with cello and short ballets such as *Rehearsal's Day* and *Waltz and Waltz* via Masson's *Pure Forms*. In both, she appeared as confident of her technique as was a drill sergeant to her that very few stars dance daily. In a black and-white story, she was the vibrant focal point for a



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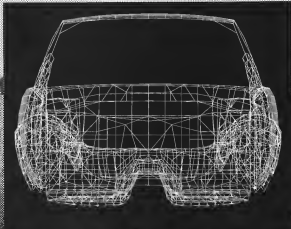
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OH WHAT A FEELING!

stapful of boys in black with shirts and trousers. It was as if all problems had dissolved on stage.

But a major problem does in fact remain for Hart: She may have the potential, even the look, of a Ulanova, but unless she proves herself in such major roles as Giselle and the Swan Queen, her success will be only a flash-in-the pan. If she had started with the Montreal Ballet, she might have had three roles as early as 19. But because the Royal Winnipeg, until recently, could almost afford any even dream of the full-length classics, she has passed the age of 35—only 30 in 16 years in retirement, such was the fiery legend of the *The Nutcracker* in her repertoire, and now, finally, Juliet.

That's why the rehearsals for *Don Quixote* this summer were so crucial. As usual, she haunted the studios and theaters on the Sunday before opening, and even came to an early morning orchestra rehearsal to listen to the music by itself. When Rodi van Dantzig saw her exhausted figure in the corner of the room, he scolded like her coaches of years before. "Don't mess their day of rest. You should go home!" For once, the pressure was too much. In the early pre-performance in Winnipeg last month, her Juliet was torn, more like tragic heroine than innocent teen-ager. Unquestionably, however, there was a strong base of dramatic substance and ideas that waited for more needed nights.

Because of her burning commitment to her art, Hart lives a nomadic life that allows only for such indulgences as huge bottles of Diet 7UP and searching for the perfect vanilla ice cream in the Quebec Street Village. She has no time for a steady boy-friend or outside interests. Her friendships rarely range outside the dance world. She was lucky, recently, to find an evening-after a rushed photo call in New York—so dine with choreographer Venera Nekrasova and Zane Witsoe, one of her partners from the International Ballet of Caracas. Her two-bedroom apartment in Winnipeg is functional and temporary until she decides to buy a house or spend time in Europe with another company to learn more of the classics.

Although this possibility creates nervous stomachs at the Royal Winnipeg, there is a certain inevitability to it. As embodiment of the heavy, romantic style of the Russians, which is unfashionable in North America, Hart remains a greater sensitivity in Europe for what she has to give. More importantly, she knows she has to grow. Her dream, after all, is now backed by an unshakable privilege. Hart loves to tell the story of her teacher Galina Yermolova, who once looked down at a pool of sweat in a rehearsal hall. "This is water. But it is very expensive water." ♦

FOLLOW-UP

Fighting deadly fibres

By Linda McQuigg

It was the kind of day most students dread: about 50 minutes had they arrived at school than they were turned away. Authorities at Toronto's Harbord Collegiate locked the front door, sending 1,500 pupils into the streets, or into nearby park paths for that matter—anywhere but back into corridors and classrooms made unsafe by high levels of asbestos fibres in the air. The week-long school closure in April, 1990, sparked a wave of concern that sent carpenters poking into school air vents across Canada. A year and a half later, some headway has been made in reducing schools' asbestos contamination, but a further problem has yet to be tackled: asbestos everywhere else.

The dangers of working with asbestos have been well known for some time. But the Harbord Collegiate scare dramatized the widespread discussion of the problem: anyone could develop the deadly lung diseases associated with asbestos—lung cancer, asbestosis and

mesothelioma—simply by breathing asbestos fibres in the air. Since asbestos was used throughout the '50s and '60s as an insulator, fireproof, soundproof and even as a decorative paint, the dangers of it flaking and crumbling seemed limitless. Even small doses of asbestos are considered harmful.

No one knows what harm, if any, has been done to children exposed to flaking asbestos in the schools. It will be many years before the full effects are known. Yet, in contrast to their slow pace in tightening up regulations on asbestos levels in the workplace, provincial governments wasted no time coming up with funds to clean up the schools. Ontario has already spent more than \$18 million and anticipates spending another \$12 million this fall and next year; Nova Scotia spent \$1.3 million in 20 schools; British Columbia paid an estimated \$2 million in 28 schools.

These programs have basically brought asbestos under control, according to provincial education ministers. But Colin Lambert, health and safety officer for the Canadian Union of Public Employees, estimates that about half of

Asbestos cleanup in Toronto high school



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Ontario's school boards didn't do a thorough job and that the damage to other provinces were even less advisable. The school boards may have created a further problem much of it was carried out by contractors who took few safety precautions. According to Linda Jolly, health and safety consultant to the Ontario Federation of Labour, many of the workers involved—including students hired as summer help—were exposed to far more asbestos than they ever would have been in the classroom.

Beyond the classroom the schools face the challenge of tracking down asbestos everywhere else. That may turn out to be an enormous task. No sooner was the school inspection order won than asbestos was found crisscrossing on the rafters of the St. Lawrence school. In New Brunswick, the government closed its main provincial office building for two days for fear that asbestos might be falling in Toronto, a royal commission studying the dangers of asbestos found itself meeting in a room sprayed with asbestos. Toronto's Health Advisory Unit calculated that asbestos could have been used in any of the 183,000 buildings—including offices, schools, hospitals and homes—constructed or renovated in the city between 1945 and 1972. The city has begun a slow inspection process but it doesn't have the authority to force building owners to remove asbestos. "We can close up a building for old-fashioned bacterial diseases or dirty toilets, but it's the whole range of newfangled products we just don't have the power," says area coordinator Gerry Caplan. Robert Sims, executive deputy health minister for Saskatchewan, one of the first provinces to close up its schools, says that although he has no data how many asbestos was used in the province, "it would be folly not to consider it a problem, pending immediate action. We either got to cover it up or get rid of it."

For now, the attention now being paid to asbestos comes too late. The Asbestos Victims of Ontario, a group of 167 disabled former asbestos workers and 64 widows, knows the dangers all too well. Edward Gaudy, a 54-year-old former asbestos worker at the Asbestosville Canada Inc. plant in Scarborough, Ont., has been disabled for the past five years with a case of asbestosis so severe that he has difficulty walking up a flight of stairs. Gaudy feels better that the dangers of asbestos did not overpass this kind of official concern years ago when it could have helped him and other workers. "This won't only happen because schoolteachers were involved and they are in a different bracket," he says. "For the pay with the lunch pot, this has been going on for years."

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- 1960 George McGee Edmonton
- 1961 Louie Herber Hamilton
- 1962 Don Young Winnipeg
- 1963 Ron Lancaster Saskatchewan
- 1964 Ross Jackson Ottawa
- 1965 Bill Byers Toronto
- 1966 Peter Lister Calgary
- 1967 Ross Jackson Ottawa
- 1968 George Bell Saskatchewan
- 1969 Lowell Coleman Calgary
- 1970 Ross Jackson Ottawa
- 1971 George Dodd Montreal
- 1972 Bruce Pollock Hamilton
- 1973 Jackie Parker Edmonton
- 1974 John Byrnie Edmonton
- 1975 Jackie Parker Edmonton
- 1976 Jack Parker Edmonton
- 1977 Jack Parker Edmonton
- 1978 Hal Peterson Montreal
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- 1960 Gerry Gaudy Montreal
- 1961 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1962 Ray Gattuso Ottawa
- 1963 Tom Gattuso Ottawa
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- 1965 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1966 Gerry Gattuso Ottawa
- 1967 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1968 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1969 Don Edwards Montreal
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- 1974 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1975 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1976 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1977 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1978 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1979 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1980 Don Edwards Montreal

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- 1953 Ray Gattuso B.C.
- 1954 John Borden Calgary
- 1955 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1956 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1957 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1958 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1959 Mike Borden Calgary
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- 1971 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1972 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1973 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1974 Mike Borden Calgary

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- 1960 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1961 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1962 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1963 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1964 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1965 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1966 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1967 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1968 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1969 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1970 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1971 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1972 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1973 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1974 Mike Borden Calgary

MOST OUTSTANDING DEFENSIVE PLAYER

- 1960 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1961 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1962 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1963 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1964 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1965 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1966 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1967 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1968 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1969 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1970 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1971 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1972 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1973 Don Edwards Montreal
- 1974 Don Edwards Montreal

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- 1960 William Miller Winnipeg
- 1961 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1962 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1963 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1964 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1965 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1966 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1967 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1968 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1969 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1970 Mike Borden Calgary
- 1971 Mike Borden Calgary
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Schenley Awards Inc.

Making the guerrilla wheel go 'round

A far-reaching business empire operates in the shadow of the PLO's military wing

By Robin Wright

In a grungy basement workshop in Beirut, Ahmad Mergi branches over an old Japanese sewing machine, making canvas trousers, some 15 pairs a day. Mergi is a carpenter in a sword-fitted former residence in the rubble-strewn Beirut suburb of Marjay Al Banayneh, where he cuts and sands frames for cabinets, chairs and beds. Deoud Al Risa supervises the Arabic dabbling of British and American films at the ultramodern headquarters of Rock Cinema-Television Industries, working under partners of Garbo and Chaplin, Gable and King Kong.

Mergi, Risa and Al Risa represent an emerging trend within the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO). After 17 years of functioning as a terrorist guerrilla group, the PLO is now developing a second reputation as an



Sunned tobacco-drying operation; police means dry times

players in Lebanon. And these employees are distinct from the 60,000 guerrillas of the PLO's eight military factions.

Even though their employees are not militarily involved, PLO businesses are not without political purpose. Samed's heavy propaganda flow—outlined in the 16-page introduction to its 180-page journal—states that "Samed strives to further a crucial aspect of the Palestinian revolution, that of the social, economic and humanitarian struggle, along with preserving Palestinian popular heritage." The lack of the blue diary has a four-page introduction: "Samed, the obstacle to peace, supplemented with two maps of Israel and its occupied territories. And while the dabbling at Rock Studios includes Walt Disney's Snow White, the film lab is also endeavoring to finish its first film, The Olive Branch, a glowing history of the PLO."



organisation synonymous with big business, sophisticated management. Known officially as Samed, the entrepreneurial wing of the PLO is also known locally as the "Palestinian Marxist Workers Society." Samed products include kitchen appliances, Louis XIV chairs, antique suits and hand-embroidered dresses, exotic jewelry and leather. "Our given goal for the last fiscal year was about \$40 million [U.S.]," says Samed general manager Ahmad Abu Ala's, who is responsible for nine consumer product factories, a film studio, two farms in Syria and six "rural agricultural" projects in Africa. A major part of this profit comes from Samed's latest initiative: exports. According to Abu Ala's, the Soviet Union now regularly orders shirts and pants, "Korvart



PLO retail outlet (left); bottling plant nearby—see status!

and long hair children's clothes; the Saudi royal family has ordered specially made living and bedroom series, and Samed-dubbed movies and television films circulate throughout the Middle East.

In many ways, the PLO's businesses reflect the well-known Palestinian business acumen. Started in 1949 in a PLO refugee camp in Jordan, the economic wing of the revolutionary group has expanded to the point where it now employs 6,500 people full-time, mostly refugees, and another 4,000 without part-time. One Western diplomat in Beirut described the civilian side of the PLO operation as "one of the largest em-



Despite its economic success, the Samed operation is not without drawbacks. Working conditions are generally substandard, with the exception of the film lab, which was opened only last June. Industrial safety precautions are ignored, equipment is antiquated, and pay is low. Mergi, a former blacksmith, earns only \$300 a month, barely enough to support his family of six. But without Samed, he would be unemployed. "I make fine suits, three pieces, but there is no business. A man cannot live without something to do," he says shyly. Previous attempts he has made during the six years of civil strife in Lebanon, and for Palestinians, who are often disfavored and ostracized by many Lebanese, life has been anything but easy. Samed, 77, who makes \$258 a month as a

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aid wing of the PLO is budgeted bigger than that of many small nations. And this figure does not include donated weapons and medical supplies, military vehicles or the \$594 million provided by the United Nations Relief Works Agency for Palestinian refugees.

Most of the money comes from Arab nations—the Arab summit alone contributed more than \$560 million a year, with countries such as Saudi Arabia throwing in an additional \$100 million or so for special projects or specific factions, particularly Yasser Arafat's terrorist group, Al Fatah. The PLO also



Palestinian refugee workers in furniture factory, funds are bordered

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derives several million dollars a year from the Palestinian "head tax," the five to 10 per cent deducted from salaries of all working Palestinians, mainly in the oil-rich Gulf states. Over the years, the wealth has accumulated to the point where the PLO now maintains an investment portfolio, much of it in European and American companies. Because of its controversial reputation, the PLO invests quietly through private brokers, most of whom are Palestinians. One Western diplomat in Beirut claims that if all aid to the PLO dried up today, the organization could go on operating from its reserves and investments for up to eight years. With a twinkle in his eye, Salah Dalalah, chief PLO fund raiser and a 17.8-educated lawyer, claims that many Western nations would be surprised at the amount of PLO money invested in companies in their states. He explains that all funds are "laundered" through various Arab banks before the brokers even get to them.

Despite its assets, the PLO still claims it has budgetary problems, in large part due to fluctuations in contributions. After a guerrilla raid on Israel, or an Israeli attack on PLO camps in Lebanon, the money tends to flow in. But peace usually means dry times. Financially Dalalah says that roughly 70 per cent of the PLO budget goes to nonmilitary activities—a figure not disputed by diplomats who monitor the organization. Specifically, the expenditures include running 108 "diplomatic" offices in most of the 116 countries that have officially recognized the PLO. The organization also runs eight hospitals in Lebanon, employing 300 doctors and an even larger nursing staff. The PLO funds more than 100 schools, a radio station, one daily newspaper, several magazines, a research centre, a team of academics and a garbage collection service in all the Palestinian refugee camps scattered throughout Lebanon. "It is a bourgeoisie empire," one Western diplomat concluded. "If you took away its military involvement, the PLO would amount to one of the fastest-growing, most successful business operations in the world." ♦



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to give up Quebec's constitutional veto last April, and now he was wrapping himself, Dupont-Milon, in the flexibility of Quebec's constitutional position as outlined in an interview with Macdonald at week's end. "I think of the [referendum] question [Lévesque would pose] I screwed myself at the conference—aren't you mad?"

Lévesque, in fact, was not entirely alone. Macdonald has blamed that Manitoba demand—and won—an agreement allowing the English-speaking majority in the province to opt out of the constitutional formula to provide schools for francophone minorities. The Manitoba caveat was not part of the final text that was released to the press. But Premier Sterling Lyon insisted on the province as he campaigned for re-election last week in Manitoba. Christian Levesque, the first minister of the "Bible" province, said that, effectively, Macdonald was in bed with Lévesque.

Lévesque made no reference to the Manitoba apiece as he issued his bitter closing statement. Instead, he reiterated his opposition to enshrining minority education rights. The other two reasons for his refusal did not carry the same emotional impact as basic mobility rights—which would open Quebec's doors to anti-Quebecism, sucking scarce jobs and financial compensation for opting out of future constitutional amendments. On those terms, as on education rights, Trudeau was inflexible. Allowing provinces to opt out, he was convinced, would create a "checkerboard Canada," with inequity guaranteed between rich and poor provinces.

Lévesque's apparently wild distortion of Ottawa's position was not unique. Federal ministers and officials were among the worst offenders in trying to manipulate the media, and few commentators were immune to their spotlight grabbing. Talies begged down repeatedly as ministers and officials quibbled over minor details in order to deny what they thought was their best chance of winning the war of attrition. The participants knew that there was nothing pretty or refined about making a constitution. The process proved as grubby as the most bitter labor negotiation. The four days of talks around the herringbone-shaped table on the fifth floor of the government Conference Centre have scant resemblance to the refined atmosphere depicted in the famous portrait of the Fathers of Confederation posing demurely around a table in 1864.

The symbols of the 1981 round were hotel rooms with unmade beds and overflowing ashtrays, taken-out Chinese dinners and chance meetings in restaurants. And the dominant symbol was fear. Fear of being the first to break from the "ring" of Right. Fear of the possibility of being left out of a deal, fear of the possibility of looking in London, fear of fighting a referendum on the charter: fear of the status quo, fear of changing it. As late as last Wednesday night, most of the key players behind the meeting was breaking up. Out of the depths at that time—tragically, the midnight at

the nation, a dead bus to emerge, "an inescapable bargain," as Trudeau said. But as the sun was setting on Wednesday, no one thought that bargain was even remotely possible.

The rights charter lay at the epitome of the crisis. For Trudeau, it was a controlling force, "taking away from the federal and provincial governments the right to make the rights of citizens." For the Gang of Eight it was much more ominous. It would take authority from the provinces and give it to federally appointed judges.

Under the assembly rule that had paralyzed constitutional change in the past, Ottawa could not impose the charter without the consent of all provinces. But Trudeau's taste was to move with the consent of just two provinces—Ontario and New Brunswick—and demand that the charter be enacted in the British Parliament, which still has technical authority to alter the British North America Act when requested by Ottawa. This Britain would gutstrate the package—constitution and charter—no Canada.

When the night drafting process appeared to the Supreme Court of Canada, the justices ruled that Trudeau's gambit was technically legal, but against all constitutional convention. As the crisis went on, however, in Monday, Nov. 5, the dissenting opinions carried passage from the court's Sept. 30 decision to bolster their position. The charter would cause a "different Canada." For his part, Lougheed charged that Trudeau's centralist views were the "wrong interpretation" of Canada, and he warned of "tragic" consequences. Not one of the Right suggested any compromise in the charter, and, as the premises moved to their closed meetings, debate focused mainly on the amending formula.

Three again, Trudeau's refusal for Canada was challenged repeatedly. He favored the so-called Vancouver formula, which the 10 provinces nearly bought in 1971. Under that proposal, changes to the constitution required the consent of a majority of people in each of the four largest provinces, Quebec, Ontario and the West. At that point alone MacLean of Prince Edward Island dug in his heels.

Even among the smaller provinces, Lougheed's arguments against "two categories of provinces" had generated a new rallying point through the 1970s. Instead, the Right favored their own "Vancouver formula," which change required the consent of any seven provinces with 50 per cent of the country's population. There would be no veto for Ontario and Quebec. In addition, their formula perceived a province to "opt out" of any change that affected provincial rights, and it was the price for Quebec's dropping its veto. For Lévesque, it proved to be a tactical blunder.

The repeated jousting between Trudeau and Lévesque spilled into the Tuesday meeting. He better was their finding that Trudeau had to leave at one stage to cool down. When he returned he found that B.C.'s Bill Bennett—acting as chairman of the premiers—had adjourned the meeting. During the break, Trudeau conferred with his principal ally, Ontario's

William Davis. Davis informed him that he was going to make a compromise proposal; he would consider accepting the Right's Vancouver formula if the dissenters would accept the charter. The effect of the initiative on the Right was impressive. There was a 30-second silence before Allan Rock of Saskatchewan finally stated: "Ah, I think I can live with a small charter." John Buchanan of Nova Scotia agreed with Baskin. So did Bennett. Trudeau reserved his opinion and asked the premiers to consider over lunch what parts of the charter they could accept.

Three responses led to more discussion. Bennett said Trudeau and Davis in the prime minister's convention center, bringing with him a hawk (Lougheed) and a dove (Buchanan). The Right could agree to some of the charter content, the most basic elements, such as the right to vote. They proposed to study the rest. "You must be kidding," snapped Trudeau. Then he turned on Bennett and told him to "stop screwing around." As Christian remembers, Trudeau also made use of the occasion to try to "chase" the three premiers out of their allegiance to Lévesque.

By proposing contents of a charter, The Ontario proposal was already dead, after Trudeau and his officials had publicly distanced it to make a "straight-up swap"—his charter for the great amending formula. Minutes after chastising Baskin, Lévesque made the fatal error of breaking with the Right himself. Trudeau proposed that two formulas be given "to the people" to decide. He would do the same with the charter. Then he, "for no reason," could fight on both in referendums. Lévesque jumped at the idea. For the first time, Lougheed started. Would the referendum be counted by region or province, he asked Lévesque. By region—the four of them—Lévesque retorted. Lougheed steamed.

The sight of Lévesque before the cameras at noon embracing the referendum plan had a "salutary effect" on other members of the Right, officials now agree. So unexpected was the break that Lévesque's closest ally in the group, Sterling Lyon, did not believe it when he was told by reporters that he had.

The referendum seemed less alarming to Lévesque after he learned the rules of the charter referendum proposal after



McKenney declares McKelvey, Chretien and Romanow: the third option on a scrap of paper. I think I can sell the bees on that!

Bennett by now was no longer even pretending to be the chairman of the Right; a role that had exhausted him during the six weeks since the Supreme Court decision. He made up his mind that he would back Trudeau's demands for entrenched minority education rights, and he told the Gang of Eight of his decision the next morning at breakfast. It was the first departure from the consensus front, but Bennett believed no deal was possible without the education clause. He told his officials of his talk with Trudeau a month earlier at St. Jean. "Language as the essence of my existence," Trudeau had said. "You have to give it to me."

After the Right met on Tuesday afternoon, Baskin was convinced that the next step was leaving the table in a hurry. He and his attorney general, Ray Romanow, desperately went out to dinner at Manana Teresa's, an Italian restaurant favored by Ottawa's ruling class. Bennett had also reserved a table there—but by chance met to Ontario's Davis, his attorney general, Ray McKelvey, and his intergovernmental affairs minister, Tim Wallis. Bennett never showed up, but when Baskin's crew did, Davis invited them to sit down. Conservative politeness was kicked around the table and after dinner Romanow joined his pal McKelvey back at the Ottawa rooms in the Four Seasons Hotel. Baskin had his lawyers work all night drafting a proposal for the next day.

That compromise was all dressed up with his place to go. Lévesque blasted Baskin for breaking the consensus front

lurch. It was a somewhat silly document that would have allowed Trudeau to implement his scraps of charter in two years of agreement on the referendum could not be reached in all 10 legislatures. After glancing at it, an official wrote one word—"Halt!"—on the paper and passed it to his premier. New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield had been the staunchest supporter of the original charter and might be counted on to ensure its survival.

Gloom settled over the herringbone. Trudeau tried to keep up a discussion on the referendum but he refused to be pinned down to details. One official remembers him glancing repeatedly at his watch, as if counting the minutes until he could dim the lights of the room. Seven premiers sensed the end was near and gave what Baskin later called "goodbye speeches." Trudeau and Lévesque again traded their views of the country, one nation or two. Baskin said after the meeting that it seemed as if Trudeau was paving the way to London with the referendum, trying to "constitutionalize" the charter.

When they broke at 5 p.m. for coffee, Chretien signaled Romanow to avoid confusion among the others they could sit at an adjoining kitchen instead of leaving the room through the front door. Both knew that failure was imminent. Over coffee that morning they had listed four possible options on a scrap of yellow paper. Romanow pulled it out again and Chretien stabbed his finger at the third. "I think I

en sell the boss on that," he said. Rasmussen started to list details in a note pad. Vancouver journalist "Duke," Christian and Charbonneau with the override on the second bill "Ung." "Opting out on minority education rights?" "Nevie." Christian took the paper from Rasmussen and started to leave. Rasmussen grabbed it back, wanting version two to show Blais. McMurtry joined them, and Rasmussen laboriously scrawled out two more pages.

Rasmussen looked back at the others. That was his promoter was trusted by all the others. But there were lines of conversation. Blaisney could talk to Duvall, and Duvall to Trudeau. Blaisney might also talk to Lougheed, and Lougheed to Penfold and Lyon. In his red-roped suite in the Château Laurier, Blaisney conversed with Macdonald, Penfold and Macdonald. Most days were efficient from B.C. Newfoundlander, Saskatchewan and Alberta. It was Peter Macdonald, Alberta's deputy minister of federal affairs, who was the key. Lougheed had turned in early, as usual, but he had authorized Macdonald to speak a deal.

At the Confederation Square, on the 17th floor of the Four Seasons, Duvall and his friends sat waiting, a cold drink from that morning's breakfast. Duvall had taped a speech after the meetings, his delivery, as usual, hot as Mesquit. But to his staff, he seemed apologetic. Along with the others, he had thought that Trudeau was committed to a referendum date, now, and he had indicated that he would—reluctantly—support that move. But Blaisney seemed to suggest that a consensus could be reached with at least six provinces. Should Trudeau persist in his referendum plan, it was Duvall who would have to sway him—with the caveat of Ontario backing the province's emerging agreement. No one—not even Christian—knew how the prime minister would react. Duvall waited dutifully for the phone call from Trudeau that he expected at 12 p.m.

Christian had kept in touch with Ontario through Wells and McMurtry. When he met Trudeau that evening at nine o'clock he said there seemed to be "six or seven" provinces behind the new deal. At the time there were only four committed to it. Trudeau shook his head doubtfully and said he would sleep on it. The referendum was still on his mind.

In Blaisney's suite they decided to get Penfold's name on the document. His proposal, bearing a strong likeness to the kitchen-sink approach, had never been talked. Penfold had the address credibility of being back and a Barry Blaisney kept in touch with Duvall, who was still uncertain exactly how many provinces had lined up behind the deal. When Trudeau finally called, Duvall left his smoke-filled operations centre to speak to him alone from his bedroom phone. No outside noise if Duvall had to raise his ultimatum, but when he returned his officials found his mood much improved. About 9:30 minutes later, at 1:30, Rasmussen's assistant, Aydin Charlton, was roused from his bed and sent over to the Four Seasons with the final draft. At two, Duvall and Blaisney confirmed they had a deal.

Lougheed rose as usual at six, went jogging and then gave his seal of approval. Then he telephoned Lyon to say that if he was not in bed by nine, then he was alone with Lévesque. Lyon jumped. Christian woke from his troubled sleep at 6:30 and waited an hour before calling Rasmussen to get the count. Knowing Trudeau was not an early riser, he waited until 7:45 before calling his boss with the news: "I've got eight or nine," he announced. Still unconvinced,

Trudeau recoiled. "Well, see us at the meeting!"

When Lévesque arrived at the 18th at 8:30 breakfast, late as usual, he found he had been out early. Lougheed had replaced Bennett as chairman. As Trudeau gavelled the meeting to order, Lévesque tried one last time to promote the referendum. Trudeau did not bite and Penfold began to unfold the proposal that bore his name.

Speaking last, Trudeau said he had problems with the federal non-provisional clause. Penfold agreed to remove it. The deal didn't like the override clause but said he would accept it with a "sunset clause" that would force legislators to re-examine laws using the override every five years. They agreed. Trudeau tried to reiterate native rights in the charter, but extracted only a promise to reconsider them as soon as possible. A deal had been struck. Everyone but Lévesque signed the English version after the coffee break, then began making their way downstairs to sign the French one.

Red-eyed, their hair tousled, Macdonald and his Saskatchewan counterpart, Howard Lawson, accepted the handshakes of most of the members as the entourage struggled down. Penfold gravitated immediately to a television camera and



Victorious Trudeau: the PM was not on early rise, so Christian waited until 7:45

told a live audience of "the proposals I worked out last night." With no spark in his voice, Trudeau led off the final speeches: "We have a charter. It is not the charter. And, as if to call into question the spirit of the entire four days, he promised to be brief, "because I realize that we are all anxious to attend to other business."

The turning point for Trudeau had been the meeting with Christian, when his pragmatic justice minister had made it clear that if he truly wanted to get his charter of justice rights beyond the reach of political targeting, he would have to risk losing it all as a referendum. "When you've got a deal, it's easy," Christian rationalized a day later. "You have certainty."

It was, in the end, an uncomfortable compromise. Already some argue it was Canada at its best. Others say it was Canada at its worst. It was a legacy settled to a prime minister capable of coping with both.

With photos from John Hay, Robert Leves, Peter Corbin/Guardian, Michael Chappin, Richard Dwyer, Gale Ritter, Michael Grog, Thomas Hynes, Randall Grog, Jane O'Brien, Bill Scott, David Thomas and Kennedy Wells.

The dangerous solitude of René Lévesque

By David Thomas

Quebec's civil and cabinet room is associated in a fashion of common knowledge as "le boudoir." It is a mere master's chamber from the old stone Château and the Palais d'Assemblée where, in 1939, Great Britain denied France its dreams of a North America that would be French-speaking from sea to sea. Windowless and dimly lit, the cabinet chamber is by its very architecture a modern-day island conducive to a single mentality. And when René Lévesque and his ministers took their places at the table at week's end, it seemed that the enemy was again at the gates. It was another frontal attack for which Quebec's defenders were ill-prepared.

Quebec's volatile original against English Canada's constitutional accord began from a positive request that the Supreme Court rule that a valid consensus on reform must include the French-speaking provinces, in the big gun of a ref-

Confronted by the agreement at Thursday's breakfast of the new United Front of eight anti-constitutional provinces, Lévesque felt betrayed and the victim of what he called a "conspiracy." Because of principle or pride, Lévesque refused to sign, even though he could easily have demanded the same course of action was by Macdonald, where the legislature must yet approve the extending of French-language education rights in the constitution. Significantly, Quebec's leaders did not mention, let alone raise a question, the Manitoba suggestion. The Parti Québécois government does not want to draw attention to what may be seen as a grave negotiating error. Greater Interprovincial Affairs Minister Claude Ryan: "It's not as we refused to sign. It was the others who made a deal without our knowledge."

Headlines and headlines just in showed that, among francophones, perceptions of what happened in Ottawa differ radically from those of self-congratulatory English-Canadians. The nine provinces' acquiescence in Pierre Trudeau's old vision of a Canada in which French-speaking minorities can thrive is, within Quebec, more often treated as an irrelevant anachronism, not worth the surrender of Quebec's exclusive power over education.

Just how much Lévesque can now make of the constitutional confrontation will depend in large measure on whether Liberal leader Claude Ryan sides with him or with Trudeau. Ryan is in a political bind. He threw his party's support behind a national assembly motion on Oct. 2 condemning the original federal package and, throughout last week's conference in Ottawa, Ryan kept in close telephone contact with Lévesque and Martin. It was a revision to his pre-1975 when, as publisher of *Le Devoir*, he was a constant telephonic thornstick to former premier Robert Bourassa and perhaps the most influential force in convincing Quebec to secede.

A constitutional accord reached at Victoria, Ryan, therefore, was ill-placed to criticize Lévesque severely last week—to the growing impatience of his own caucus, which now considers that their leader made a better editorial writer than he does a politician. Ryan and Lévesque have been close since the 1970s when, as publisher of *Le Devoir*, he was a constant telephonic thornstick to former premier Robert Bourassa and perhaps the most influential force in convincing Quebec to secede.

Without strong internal opposition, Quebec politicians in the coming weeks risk offering anti-English fears and hatreds as a shield against the Conquest. Write Ryan in his editorial office in the English press: "The province is in a state of emergency in the situation where the Ottawa government, in majority anglophone, is associated with some anglophone provincial governments in asking another anglophone government, that is London, to direct us without its consent the integrity and responsibilities of the only francophone government in North America." ♦

Wendell and Bethune showed different perceptions among English and French

amendment or election seeking outright independence.

But Lévesque will likely have difficulty in mobilizing the mass of Quebecers against the constitutional package—partly because he contributed to the confusion over just what it is that is being posed against his government's will. Though provincial investigative Minister Gerald Gidlin agreed that Quebec was rapid, to some it seemed more accurate to say that there had merely been a dispute over price. Lévesque had already offered respectably in education rights for linguistic minorities. His position was essentially the same as that maintained in the constitutional accord agreed by the nine other provinces. Just a day earlier, his adamant refusal to accept a charter of rights seemed much reflected by his agreement with Trudeau to put the name to the people in a referendum. That short-lived "Quebec Canada Alliance," as Trudeau described it, was the defense that first destroyed the right province's common front, giving a ring of hypocrisy to Lévesque's subsequent accusations of abandonment. And, most important, Lévesque had agreed last April to surrender Quebec's historic role in constitutional amendments when he endorsed—with the seven other provinces originally opposing the Trudeau package—a proposed amending formula which was incorporated into last week's accord.

A bird in the hand at the flea market

By John Hay

It's the final, fabled hours of the conference, what remained of the political will was the fear of failing to make a deal. The central subject of the package—a charter to protect the rights of Canadians—scattered less. So it was that after fighting for a year for his charter, Pierre Trudeau hurried away long classes in return for some provincial signatures and some hope for political peace. "I wanted a deal," asserts Trudeau's justice minister, Jean Chrétien. "Being a practical guy, I know that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. We knew that if you ask for everything in the charter and don't succeed, you don't have a deal."

Such Liberal pragmatism served Trudeau well in closing the awkwardly complicated negotiations. Whether the elapsed—and changed—charter serves Canada as well as the original remains to be seen. The marriage of the earlier version was the authority it gave the courts to strike down provincial or federal laws that are found to violate the basic freedoms, legal rights and anti-discrimination provisions that the charter contains. But several powers complained that this imposed a transfer of power from legislators to judges. In response, Trudeau made his largest concession: Parliament and the legislatures may override the charter provisions simply by inserting a so-called "notwithstanding" clause in any law. Such a statute might declare, for example, that "notwithstanding the charter," women will be paid less than men—a case of discrimination that a court would otherwise likely rule unconstitutional. Admittedly Serge Joyal, minister of state in charge of the consultation, "It's a loophole, there's no doubt about it."

Joyal, who as a back-bencher criticized Parliament's joint consultation committee last winter, defensively adds that existing bills of rights contain "notwithstanding" clauses and they have not been abused. In Quebec, for instance, the provincial right to a public trial is benevolently breached by a law permitting private trials for juveniles. The 1960 Bill of Rights, with the same notwithstanding loophole, has been explicitly overridden only once: the 1970 Public Order (Temporary Measures) Act permitted arrest without warrant—and detention for up to a week without charges—when it was passed to replace the War Measures Act during the October Crisis. Trudeau demanded, and got, one limitation: any notwithstanding clause

would die after five years unless re-enacted.

Civil rights activists and lawyers are of two minds about the battered charter. Alan Borovay, general counsel to the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, calls the new version "a reasonably viable safeguard as these things go in an imperfect world." Having watched the political haggling, says Borovay, he "was much more concerned that they might dilute the terms of the charter itself." Toronto criminal lawyer Alan Gold thinks the loophole will not be casually used by legislators. "Everytime they use it," he says, "they will have to admit a breach of the Charter of Rights." But another Toronto lawyer, Edward Greenough, is less comforted by the knowledge that the federal Bill of Rights has only once been breached by a notwithstanding clause. He contends that the bill was so badly weakened by the courts that it posed no threat to other laws, and that Parliament did not need to resort to the loophole to pass conflicting legislation. "I worry about the mere fact that it is there in the new charter, and capable of being abused," says Greenough.

Federal officials insist that they do not intend to exploit the notwithstanding escape in order to resign or rights affirmed in the charter (though provincial governments are free to do so in their own jurisdictions). But already spokesmen for more than a million native people are regretting the outcome of the constitutional bargaining. In another concession to the provinces, Trudeau agreed to drop the charter clause affirming aboriginal and treaty rights.

Small solace was the commitment to hold a federal-provincial conference on aboriginal rights. Behind the federal men lay a lingering bitterness felt by Chrétien and other members that native groups had continued to lobby against the charter even with the rights provision, on grounds that it was inadequate. Unlured even by its intended beneficiaries, the clause was discarded in the last minutes of argument.

At some point last week, Trudeau gave up the idea of preserving his charter intact and decided to horse-trade. Provincial pressures thus kept the power of their legislatures to override the rights of minorities and individuals, however rarely that might be. How well the charter ultimately serves people depends heavily on whether or not judges breathe life and force into it. But, as Greenough says, this new chapter in history begins with something less inspiring than "an essential expression of freedoms and rights." It begins with a charter written in a flea-market bargain. □



SILK ON THE ROCKS.

Beyond smooth...beyond rare...
all the way up to the taste of
Teacher's Scotch.

'Merci, Thérèse, merci!'

Forty thousand women stood cheering wildly and crying out "Merci, Thérèse, merci!" During Quebec's 1986 referendum, federalist women scored the title of "Voteux"—an acronym for an empty-handed drudge that had been bestowed on them by the Parti Québécois—and Elsie Martel of Fémus is what became the turning point for the referendum. "Not" campaign it was a time to thank Senator Thérèse Casgrain, who died last week at 86, for the work she had done to win the vote for Quebec women in 1980. "From 1932 to 1969, we went every year to see [Premier Maurice] Duplessis, and every year he turned us back," Casgrain said.

Although Quebec women were the last to be enfranchised, no other province is now as well represented by women in either the House of Commons or in provincial legislatures. And many of the prominent Canadian politicians who paid tribute to Casgrain last week would not have been speaking from their particular forum if it had not been for the women they were greeting. House of Commons Speaker Jeanne Sauvé, for one, was only 32 when she first attended a political meeting organized by Casgrain in 1944. Later they worked together to fight Desjardins' Union Nationale regime and founded the Quebec Women's Federation. Health Minister Monique Bégin says Casgrain inspired her in the feminist movement in 1965. There are two female Parti Québécois cabinet ministers, Denise LeBlanc-Barry, public service, and Pauline Marois, women's affairs. "Madame Casgrain not only won Quebec women the right to vote," said Marois, "she paved the way for women in politics across Canada by presenting herself as a candidate."

Casgrain, in fact, ran unsuccessfully nine times for public office from 1940 to 1969. She campaigned both federally and provincially, first as an independent Liberal, later as a QP and NDP candidate. She also served as president of the NCP in Quebec for a time. In the 1950s and '60s, she was called a daugh-

ter left, by the '70s, her criticism of some feminist excesses earned her the label of reactionary. Named to the Senate in 1970, nine months before she reached the mandatory senator's retirement age of 75, she regretted her short tenure. "I should say much have liked to continue my work," she said. "My opinion had family become respectable—for they were those of a senator." When she left, she laughed and said, "Now the whole country knows my hope." Then she promptly took up the banner of protest against compulsory retirement from any job. She also organized her campaign for international



She criss a life of fighting social inequities

human rights, Canadian charities and overseas rights.

Thérèse Casgrain was born to a farmer, the daughter of Sir Rodolphe Casgrain. Married to Pierre Casgrain, a former speaker of the House of Commons and secretary of state in Nicholas King's government, she chose a life of fighting social inequities. And she never stopped to catch in an her back-ground, to relax and enjoy the beautiful world after the operation's home care for her last year at the Forum. She was still out campaigning for federalism. One night in a school gymnasium, after an interminable day of rail-

road and speechmaking which left reporters following the campaign itself looking for the bus back to bed, Thérèse Casgrain looked slightly worried. Wearing—as usual—an impressively tailored slacks dress, pearls around her neck, her white hair perfectly coiffed, she smiled to a reporter. "I'm behind schedule tonight. I spent almost two hours this morning my handsman to style my hair."

ANNE REINE

ALBERTA

A tempest in a piggy bank

The brightest symbol of Alberta's gaudy prosperity in the 1980s is the 19-billion-dollar Trust Fund. But the huge provincial piggy bank is turning out to be a mixed blessing for Premier Peter Lougheed's 10-year-old Conservative administration. His latest problem is an unprecedented opposition filibuster which could keep the legislature—originally expected to end its four-week fall sitting Nov. 15—in session until Christmas.

The filibuster is the work of independent MLA Tim Siedinger, a young Calgary economist kicked out of the Tory caucus a year ago. His oration during to disagree with Lougheed's position on the constitution and waging a lonely crusade for information about the secretive officials who manage the trust fund. The unopposed Siedinger is now after confidential reports, prepared by Auditor General Douglas Rogers, that describe problems with the fund's management and recommend changes. Siedinger's interest was piqued when one of the reports was leaked to him. It reveals records of some trust fund investment transactions that were not sufficiently cross-checked to prevent possible collusion and fraud. The suspect deals include sales of bonds during the past three years at losses totaling more than \$60 million.

Rogers insists there is no evidence of wrongdoing, and Siedinger admits he has no proof of fraud. But he argues that the legislature cannot be sure that the slide is clean without the secret reports. Two weeks ago, he persuaded NDP leader Grant Stettin and Social Credit house leader Rex Sproker to join him in a fight for the documents. It would be a filibuster "like the defence of the Alamo," he announced gleefully.

The tiny band of opposition, 15 all—overwhelmed 33 ayes to six by the government—have vowed to keep talking and stall approval of \$400 million worth of trust fund spending. Also held up is the annual decision to deposit 30 per cent of the province's oil and gas resour-



Siedinger put his defence of the Alamo

ces into the fund. Provincial Treasurer Lou Hyndman wants to modify and advance. The reports describe arrival practices to prevent fraud, he says, and if the controls are made public "unscrupulous people" could figure out ways to get around them.

The long-winded one are using up hours of debating time discussing the fine details of drainage systems, parks and other projects paid for out of the trust fund. "My farming is done, man-made is building no grain and I can buy as Christmas presents here in Edmonton," says Sproker, a sub-politician farmer from the tiny community of Enchant, in southern Alberta.

Last week the government launched a counterattack when Energy Minister Steve Letch closed for 90 minutes reading, word for word, the complicated agreement between one of his department's agencies and Shell Canada Ltd. Sproker says he is confused but pleased by the "reverse filibuster." "The longer we go on, the more pressure there is on the government." At which point, the talk-in had lasted 10 days.

PETER GOODE

An opposition filibuster in the Ontario legislature last week, which was intended to force the Conservative government to reveal details of its recent purchase of 55 per cent of Ontario Ltd. was ended by closure after just three days.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

The riots that needed a program

To the people watching, the anti-racist rally in Vancouver's South Mountain Park was a blackly humorous farce. Two groups, both calling for the burning of the Klu Klux Klan—some of whom were among the spectators—were leading each other with wooden stakes torn from their placards. It was the second such battle in two weeks, and several people were injured. One was required surgery for a head wound after the brawl. Since the October riots, police have had 39 dangerous weapons charges (the wooden stakes), some of these against members of the People's Front Against Racism and Fascist Violence. The Front is a far-left organization associated with the Communist party of Canada (Marxist-Leninist), and the Klu Klux Klan Indian Defense Committee.

The Front's opponent, the British Columbia Organization (BCO) to Fight Racism, was founded a year ago with the support of labor organizations, church groups and the NDP. It had called for peaceful rallies in the Vancouver park

where an East Indian man was beaten to death in a robbery last summer. The People's Front was not asked to attend—in fact, it was specifically asked not to attend the second rally. But 90 of its supporters showed up. Both times and, shouting "Death to opportunists!" and "Self-defense is the only way," appeared to provoke the confrontation with the BCO, which had 400 supporters on hand. Since then the BCO has been unable to find a place to hold its first convention. The City of New Westminster, near Vancouver, refused to allow the demonstration to take place in a local community centre because officials were worried about more violence breaking out.

The reportedly peaceful conflict between two anti-racist groups takes place against the backdrop of attacks on East Indians and increased efforts by the Klan to recruit members through shrewdly published cross-burnings. On Oct. 17, Klan members burned a cross in south Vancouver to celebrate the death of Anwar Siddiqi as well as to toast the riot between the People's Front and the Klu Klux Klan. And, although the Klan has denied involvement in a series of fire-bombings, shotgun blasts and

South Mountain Park: Death to opportunists



Looking beyond Camp David

By Robin Wright

Their meetings were accompanied by all the fanfare and pomp associated with the two kingdoms. But the glitter did not disguise the seriousness of last week's discussion in Riyadh between British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington and the Saudi Arabian leadership. The talks revolved around detailed new diplomatic moves designed to further a Middle East peace initiative. The diplomatic soundings were extensive and revealing—and even continued through a seven-course lunch which featured kebabs, caviar and stuffed pheasant, with traffic jammed on the highway.

Carrington embarked on two-day talks on behalf of the 11-member European Community (EC). His visit was theoretically intended to explore an essential endorsement of an eight-point proposal by Saudi Crown Prince Faisal for a successor to the stalled Camp David peace process.

Both sides have long felt that Camp David cannot solve the last—but stickiest—piece of the 1949 Arab-Israeli conflict: Palestinian autonomy. But what emerged was a much more concrete and Carrington unambiguously endorsed the Saudi solution as a good basis for new negotiations. There was cautious approval, too, from Washington.

The United States is still officially committed to Camp David, but the Reagan administration, in practice, is less than optimistic about current talks on the autonomy question.

In Israel, however, the reaction was one of anger with the Europeans and bitterness over what was viewed as an American attempt to play mediocrity to two losers. Neither response disturbed the equanimity of



Carrington with Saudi Foreign Minister Saud al Faisal shaking over coffee

Carrington and his Saudi hosts in Riyadh, as they calculated the height of the hurdles ahead. Crucial to the success of the Saudi initiative will be an endorsement by the 12 Arab heads of state meeting in Morocco later this month. Some opposition is expected from such hard-line states as Libya and Syria. But behind-the-scenes maneuvering is said to have greatly improved the chances of success.

Officials will not reveal specific talking points. But Arab diplomatic sources insisted it is private that there are "four occupations"—King Har-

sen of Morocco, the host of the coming meeting, King Hussein of Jordan, the Saudis and the Palestine Liberation Organization's Yasser Arafat—behind the effort. Arafat's endorsement is crucial. No Arab nation could go against him. However, he cannot yet give unqualified public approval because of discussion within the eight factions that make up the Palestinian movement.

If the plan is endorsed as an all-Arab initiative in Morocco, the next step will be for the Europeans to build a bridge to Camp David. To do that, they will have to use the leverage offered by their forced participation in the U.S.-sponsored Sinai force that will monitor Israel's withdrawal from occupied territories and the return of the lands to Egypt next April. As Carrington said in Riyadh, Sinai is "only one of the lands which have to be returned." And the Europeans would be willing to extend their monitoring role when the others—the Israeli-occupied West Bank, Gaza Strip and Golan Heights—were handed back. Meanwhile, efforts are to be made at the United Nations to obtain a resolution endorsing the Faid plan.

At week's end, however, attempts at bridge-building seemed likely to be washed away in a flood of reminiscence from Israel. Smearing from his failure to halt the AWACS sale to the Saudis, Prime Minister Menachem Begin focused himself on more immediate developments. For one thing, President Ronald Reagan said that the Faid plan was potentially an important step toward ending the Arab-Israeli conflict. For another, Secretary of State Alexander Haig declared that the plan implicitly endorsed Israel's right to exist. These came reports



Haig, Mubarak, and others attempt to play a musical instrument in two Middle East towns

that Egypt's president, Hosni Mubarak, had endorsed the plan as a means to move beyond the Camp David accord.

Dismissing angrily from that view, Begin described the Faid plan as "a deviation from Camp David" and so "all Arab" to eliminate Israel. Foreign Minister Yitzhak Rabin told the Knesset that support for it would damage any country from participating in the Sinai peacekeeping force. Then Defense Minister Ariel Sharon pleaded to set up eight new settlements on the West Bank—one for every point in the plan.

But behind the angry rhetoric lay a hardening of the guns to be made in Palestinian autonomy talks with Egypt and the lesser spotlight in the Faid plan. Begin saw the autonomy talks as a chance to tackle some of the major threats to Israel's future security: the future of the Palestinian refugees, Jerusalem and common water resources. Acceptance of the Faid plan would indeed mean the loss of territory Israel is committed to reclaiming, the dismantling of Jewish settlements there and the establishment of a Palestinian state.

The attitude of the U.S. is central. But there was conflicting signals from Washington, where Jordan's Hussein was a guest last week. On the one hand, as the week wore on, there seemed to be signs of a retreat from Reagan's enthusiasm for the Faid plan. State department spokesmen were stressing the U.S. support was limited only to events that were favorable to Camp David. And Haig called in Britain's ambassador Nicholas Henderson, to suggest that he advise Carrington to "look it." On the other, some observers were saying that he advise Carrington to "look it." On the other, some observers were saying that the U.S. was resigned to the failure of the autonomy talks and was only awaiting the Sinai hand-over in April before putting its weight behind the Saudis. There was some speculation that "conspirator" Haasler might have warned the U.S. about the danger of repeating two years ago. That would provide the Israelis with an argument for refusing to leave

the Sinai, after all. Certainly this consideration has been in the forefront of the Saudi minds.

Whether version is correct, however, the Faid plan represented a convenient stick for the administration to throw. The message to Jerusalem is that if Camp David is not to be superseded—a move that would be clearly injurious to Israeli interests—then substantial concessions must be made on autonomy. Still Israel will have to give ground in either event—a circumstance that is unlikely to have been ignored amid last week's pomp in Riyadh.

With the London in Jerusalem and Michael Pomeroy in Washington

POLAND

Talk now turns to accommodation

The symbolism was scarcely reassuring. As Solidarity leader Lech Wałęsa's wife Polish Pope John Paul II stepped on an intervention on the way to last week's historic meeting among unions, church and state, an over-the-hill photographer forgot to break and mumbled it on the way. Later Wałęsa's vehicle managed to limp alongside Prime Minister Wojciech Jaruzelski's.

Jaruzelski (left) clamped the mayor still be down the river



But NEW and the Polish Merit of Archbishop Józef Glemp to the heavily guarded government residence where the talks were held. But while the inauguration beginning did not prevent the three participants from meeting, an agreement that seemed to provide optimism. Solidarity spokesman Marek Brzezinski was notably wary when the meeting ended. "The computer looks a logic but it didn't remove any of the issues lying down the river," he said. "All we would want, naturally, is to begin to start agreeing for now."

Nevertheless, it had been an enormous step forward. In just over two hours, with the greatest of pomp, Jaruzelski and Wałęsa had managed to agree on the possibility of forming a "national front of understanding" to lead Poland out of turmoil on the basis of a negotiated settlement of union claims. While the Jaruzelski bill short of solving the 15-million-strong Solidarity union a direct act in restoring the country, an optimistic Wałęsa claimed the government was ready to make concessions. Poles now had "a reason to rejoice last hopes," he declared. After a meeting of Solidarity's National Commission in Gliwice, union leaders and that talks between the Communist leadership and Solidarity might begin as early as this week. And Archbishop Glemp, apparently satisfied with the outcome, flew to Rome to brief Pope John Paul II on developments at home.

However, if Solidarity leader the agreement, more in Polish Poles seemed it more as an element in the arrangement stick-and-carrot strategy embarked upon by Jaruzelski when he took over and of the party last month with a mandate to join on the union. "The government just wants to give a bribe and perhaps some sympathy. It leaves us no closer to home," said one Warsaw resident. What counted was not the leadership's readiness to bargain—it had been expected to talk with Solidarity all along—but what proved the party is willing to relinquish. The press was more about, perhaps reflect-



Wahne: 'It's reason to rejoice lost hopes.'

ing the average Pole's need for cheerful news to balance the daily dailies of economic and political disaster. "This unprecedented meeting may be of crucial importance for a quick establishment of a platform of national agreement," said the daily *Zywiec Wznowienia*. But on the same page the paper was reporting that the wildest strikes that had brought Poland close to military rule were continuing, with an estimated 150,000 workers defying government and union pleas to get back to work. If Wahne's car had survived its crash at the intersection, it had yet to find the road to industrial and political harmony. —PETER LEVIN

CHAD

For Mitterrand, an African coup

Hollywood could not have embellished a more spiky tamed character. No sooner had 31 African leaders sat down in the stream-lined university of Paris' International Conference Centre than the news flashed around the world: And distribes against the materialist Moukoudi Khadafi's recognition of Chad suddenly needed revision. The Libyan dictator, hardly known for his willingness to oblige, appeared to be doing just that. In response to Chad's President Goukouni Oueddei's week-old invitation to get yet, Khadafi's 10,000 soldiers were readying for an airlift home to Tripoli.

"What a coup de theatre," marvelled one international African diplomat. But like the rest of his conferees gathered at the eighth annual Franco-African summit, he nervously refrained from exulting. After all, if the Libyan withdrawal was a victory, who was yet sure for whom. In Paris, the apolitical Goukouni—who only the week before was rumored to have been overthrown by his own pro-Libyan foreign minister, Ahmed Aylil—turned up instead in power

and in patiences. Then as leaders predicted that Khadafi's move "did not surprise" him. But in N'Djamena, the capital of Chad, ministers worried that the Libyans were abandoning them to renewed assault by Chad's rebel former defense minister, Hissène Habré, who last year managed to take over the capital.

But from his headquarters inside the Bokhane border, Habré promptly announced a ceasefire and declared his willingness to negotiate. In Paris, the summit, just as previously called a sensitive national force under the aegis of the Organisation of African Unity (OAU) to fill the breach in Chad within days.

To some observers, the scenario seemed too uncharacteristically peaceful and just. Indeed, the only sum visibly appeared to be France's president, François Mitterrand. His first efforts at African diplomacy were hailed as a tour de force. Not only had Mitterrand landed more news African chiefs to the summit than his predecessor, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, he had managed to pull off a military coup without evoking Giscard's practice of dispatching French soldiers.

But France is already sending arms to Chad. And after the conference, leaders feared that there will be more and more on the OAU floor, some critics saw Mitterrand's policy simply as a more discreet brand of paternalism. But as events unfolded, it became increasingly clear that he had played a major behind-the-scenes role in plotting the Libyan pullout. The only gesture that remained was a vote by French TV news anchor Christine Chastolain, who asked why Khadafi had complied.

One reason may be that Khadafi feared the scheduled demonstration by some 10,000 Libyans, many of them key members of the OAU. Egypt, the Sudan and Senegal have threatened to protest his presidency at the organization next year. Other speculation centered on intelligence reports that despite its all-weather Libya is in tight economic straits. But the real reason appears to be Khadafi's desire to normalize relations with France in the wake of his seafire last summer with American naval aircraft. Paris had let it be known that this would not be re-

solved still Khadafi's does two things: rebuild the French Embassy in Tripoli—burned down by his rampaging populace last year—and clear out of Chad.

In recent weeks, the colonel has turned out an enthusiastic fan of Mitterrand's. After what now appears to have been a calculated flake scare over a Chadian coup last month, Khadafi reportedly wrote that he would neither topple Goukouni nor keep his troops in N'Djamena if they were not wanted. In return, Paris promised the Africans to let him retreat with his precious features unaffected.

But as Mitterrand backed an assassination rumor over his first African performance, the most serious player to emerge from last week's events remained Chad itself. War-ravaged and impoverished, it now faces one last



Goukouni and French Prime Minister Pierre Mauroy

since the friction between pro-Libyan and anti-Libyan factions and the dangerous "Libyanization" of its already shaky eastern provinces, where the colonel's forces set up Khadafi-style revolutionary committees. The delight of departing Libyan commander, Col. Rabouane Saïd Rabouane, is passing out to the press that his name means "murder of paradise" under a cruelly ironic acronym on a country where life still promised to be interest.

—MARCH McDONALD



Wahne troops patrolling near Salvadoran frontier: a show of force

EL SALVADOR

With help from well-armed friends

The tide trickled out of Washington as part of a confused series of deals and counter-deals involving the role of Secretary of State Alexander Haig (page 40). Slowly, it became clear that Haig, with the backing of other administration hard-liners, was pushing for a show of force in Central America. Officials who tentatively looked the story to *The New York Times* and Haig had asked the Pentagon to consider several options—including a show of air power over Cuba, a blockade of Nicaragua, and an invasion of El Salvador by "American or Latin American forces." When asked if the Times would overestimate the situation, he replied in classic Haig style, "Well, I think, you know, no."

The timing of the leak had as much to do with administration infighting as it did with Central American policy. But the story touched on diplomatic and military preparations that are well under way. The Reagan administration, hamstrung by congressional, public and international resistance to increased military aid to El Salvador, has long been searching for a means of sidestepping the opposition.

One eager helper has been Argentina. Last March, the secretary general of the Argentine army, Gen. Alberto Saint-Jean, offered "military collaboration and assistance in the repression of terrorism." He claimed that Argentina has acquired special expertise in subterranean tactics since the military coup of 1976, in which an estimated 30,000 suspected leftists died or disappeared. Since then, Salvadoran security and paramilitary commanders have made

repeated visits to Buenos Aires. Argentina, in turn, has provided advisors, who are widely believed to be specialists in torture, to El Salvador as well as Guatemala. In September, Haig's special adviser on Latin America, Gen. Vernon Walters, asked the Argentine military to prepare to send troops to El Salvador as part of an inter-American force.

The Times report quoted Washington officials as saying that high military and government officials from several Latin American countries had been contacted regarding participation in a multifront invasion force. The responses were not indicated that independent Latin American diplomatic sources say the plan has been endorsed by Chile, Uruguay, Colombia and Guatemala, with Honduras committed to providing the bulk of the direct military support. Such support would include helicopters, light aircraft and Honduras' elite counterinsurgency forces. The United States has boosted its military loans and arms to Honduras from \$8.5 million in 1980 to an estimated \$25 million for 1982, and Washington now begins to send troops of Green Berets into the Santa Rosa and Copan regions bordering El Salvador.

The leaks of a possible military escalation came at a moment when Washington is becoming increasingly conscious of the economic as well as the military—grits of its policies. When Salvadoran Minister of Defense José Guillermo García was asked recently how to solve the country's problems, his answer was as brief as it was simple—a billion dollars from the United States. —ANNE NEALON

BRITAIN

A choice they couldn't refuse

It was a week that saw strike-prone production workers and well-paid company directors both accepting—and reluctantly—the need for sacrifice in the name of economic recovery. It was also a watershed in the long "them and us" battle of Britain's industrial relations. First, striking oil workers at British Leyland (BL) finally swallowed a negotiable pay package in the face of the chairman's threat to put the auto giant into liquidation. Then, a "them and us" battle at an annual convention acknowledged the need for the boardroom to pull together with the shop floor. It began to look as though Margaret Thatcher's much-vaunted "free market" in industrial relations could become more than a stick of speaker's rhetoric.

Certainly something had failed the price-minimizers' determination to stick to her belatedly economic policy. The Queen's speech last week offered a strong rightward renege, including further devaluation, tight money control and more—albeit consistently out-lined—to end the long unemployment rate by Britain's unions from the legal consequences of strikes.

Yet there was little inclination among Britain's much-vaunted classes to crew about the latest tightrope triumph of Leyland Chairman Sir Michael (Superhero) Edwards. After four years of imposing pay restraint, devaluing and productivity links as a work force noted for its militancy, the



Workers vote year-matched outburst

forty little South Africans had tried to bulldoze through a pay deal below the government's four-per-cent target. The work force rebelled, as much against Edwards' take-it-or-leave-it style and his acceptance of a 35-per-cent raise in his own \$145,000 salary, as against the deal itself. Edwards, backed by the government, promptly put more than \$2.6 billion in annual reports, up to 300,000 jobs in the depressed West Midlands, and \$6.8 billion of public money on the line.

As a result, it lives. And it will prove or disprove the claim of its own chief, Ray Horrocks, that the company will become profitable after a new generation of cost-effective family cuts—led by the already successful Merz—is fully on stream. When some eighty Volkswagen of West Germany has sent its profits dive (partly because of unsuccessful diversification), Britain's weary taxpayers will need a lot of convincing before they believe that Leyland, a classic low-dark, can ever make a profit. But then it is even being hinted that with good luck and a smaller work force, after British Steel—the biggest alibi of all—could break even in a couple of years.

In the aftermath, it was no surprise that industrialists meeting last week in central Bathhouse for the Confederation of British Industry convention were relieved to be housed by Sir Colin Campbell, chairman of a Glasgow trucking company, called for a freeze on boardroom salaries until the ship is over. Simultaneously, BT, the huge



Reagan (left) confers with Haig, Allen, one foot on a banner post

U.S.A.

Once more into a public fray

By Michael Posner

The article appeared in its customary place, opposite the *Presidential Post* in it, columnist Jack Anderson, scornful of political news, leapers, declared that he had in fact written another piece saying that Alexander Haig had one foot on a banana peel and would soon be out the door as secretary of state. That unpublished column, linked in advance to the White House, elicited two weekend calls from Haig and another from the president himself at Camp David.

Flustered angry but still in control, Haig talked for nearly an hour about a "gaffe in a newspaper" to one he knew from the administration. The "sneak-bag" exception, he charged, was being waged by a senior White House official and was undermining his ability to conduct American foreign policy. In short, Haig said, the president was being sabotaged by people on his own staff. The state department confirmed Haig's charges after the Anderson column ap-

peared in print, igniting a series of bitter ructions.

For students of American policy, this was surely a case of déjà vu. Haig has been a focus of controversy since the opening hours of the Reagan administration, when he apparently presented for the president's signature a plan for assuming control of the foreign policy apparatus. There have also been indications of Haig squabbling for turf with National Security Advisor Richard Allen, White House Chief of Staff James Baker, Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger (over NATO policy), Budget Director David Stockman (over foreign aid and subsidies) and trade representative Bill Brock (over auto imports).

Haig is hardly the first secretary of state to feel threatened by White House aides. Under Jimmy Carter, both Cyrus Vance and Ed Muskie were frequently the target of thin-skinned security adviser Singapore Canine's upbraiding. Before that, Richard Nixon's secretary of state, William Rogers, was eventually undermined by Henry Kissinger. But the current furore is surprising

because the Reagan administration officially disavowed the profile of the national security adviser, making him subordinate—on paper at least—to the state department.

It is also disconcerting by its particularly public character. In choosing to go to the press with his grievances, Haig was effectively forcing Reagan to interfere and impose a ceasefire, with further disavowal of support for Haig's performance. That is precisely what Reagan did last week, writing Haig and Allen to the Oval Office for a private one-hour chat, and expressing strong support for each of them.

Inevitably, the notion with Allen invited speculation that he was Haig's particular nemesis. But Allen strenuously denied it—"being on the inside," he cried—and Haig himself publicly absolved him of blame. Haig also disavowed James Baker after a private phone conversation, but this verdict left much of official Washington feverish with speculation. Was it Ed Meese, the president's counselor, who was designing Haig's demise? Or was it George Bush—writing patiently for his presidential inheritance to be confirmed who said in Haig's disingenuous adversary? Was the plot a group effort, without a principal architect? Or was it, as some suggested, a signpost of Haig's fertile imagination, a paroxysm induced by his continued association with Richard Nixon? Washington's gossip boutiques were doing fast business in all of these product lines.

What remained after the storm closed was the impression of a secretary of state who does not in fact have the confidence of his president nor the trust—and this is perhaps more critical—of men who are closer to Ronald Reagan than Haig himself. Even so the president was pronouncing the affair closed. Casper Weinberger was an Capitol Hill telling a congressional committee it was not NATO policy—as Haig had suggested one day earlier—to fire a nuclear warning shot at the Soviet Union if Moscow started a conventional war in Europe. The charge contained forced the White House into another damage control operation, in which both Haig and Weinberger were declared amicus—Haig, because NATO had also considered such an option, Weinberger, because the option was not now necessary.

At week's end, as the administration struggled to put the latest embarrassment behind it, the common view was that the Haig-White House tangle would not endure indefinitely. At some point, observers believe, a decisive battle will be fought, one that will either make Alexander Haig the true chief of U.S. foreign policy or—as many were likely to wish in his discreet leave-taking—

An unexpected blow to the GOP

In the final days of New Jersey's gubernatorial election campaign, Democratic contender and former amateur boxer James Florio urged voters to send Ronald Reagan a message that would have the impact of "a punch in the mouth." Last week, as voters waited for the governorship race in both New Jersey and Virginia, it was obvious the punch had found its mark. The first small cracks in the glow of Haig's popularity were beginning to show.

In Virginia, Democrats were delirious over the election of Charles Robb. The son-in-law of the late president Lyndon Johnson, Robb is Virginia's first Democratic governor in 16 years. In New Jersey, the Republican national committee pumped close to \$1 million into Ken's Resurgence-oriented election campaign. For their part, the Re-

publicans were banking heavily on victories to shore up support for Reagan's economic program, which was now running into problems in Congress. In New Jersey, the Republican national committee pumped close to \$1 million into Ken's Resurgence-oriented election campaign. For their part, the Re-

publicans were banking heavily on victories to shore up support for Reagan's economic program, which was now running into problems in Congress. In New Jersey, the Republican national committee pumped close to \$1 million into Ken's Resurgence-oriented election campaign. For their part, the Re-



Impassioned New Jersey voting machine, Robb with wife, Lynn, and daughter Jennifer cracks in the glow of Haig's popularity

publican clear-out. By week's end, Florio and Republican contender Thomas Kean were still locked in a bitter-counting battle which seemed destined to end in the courts after six or more recounts. Democratic officials, nevertheless, were beginning to grimace. Said National Chairman Charles Nims, of what he views as the Reagan administration's first test at the polls: "One year after what was termed a resounding election, the Democrats are back on their feet."

Understandably, in examining the estrife, Republican commentators read the results differently. Reagan's heavy campaigning by Reagan—both in person and on TV commercials—had analysts maintained that neither New Jer-

sawly strapped Democrats managed to scrape together \$115,000 for Florio, who was also laboring under the liability of being closely associated with the former unpopular governorship of Democrat Brendan Byrne. In Virginia, the defeated Republican candidate, Marshall Coleman, received close to \$700,000 from overflowing national Republican coffers; he also got Reagan's personal endorsement.

State elections are not an end-in-itself popularity contest for any administration, but they do probe the national psyche with a knockout and a split decision rendered, the first round. Republicans have been warned to keep their guard up.

—JANE O'NEILL



Mini: profits around the corner?

showed firm that Britain's biggest company, announced in the wake of a dividend cut that 106 of its top executives had volunteered to waive pay increases and bonuses of up to \$36,000 each for the coming year.

Several years ago, a leading British industrialist declared to a sympathetic listener that, come what may, "There will always be smoggy London in the Southwest." Last week the message seemed to be, in reverse, everyone will have to share the fishy-state smogwaves.

—CHAS. KENNEDY

"People have seen my face so many times, they think they all know me in the second grade," laughs three-haired **Cecilia Ferrell**. Though she costarred as **Papa Smurfy**'s belated assistant, **Barbarella**, in *Naked*, it is only recently that audiences have begun to connect the round, intelligent face with the name. The reason is *Heartland*, a critically acclaimed film about early settlers in an unforgiving Manitoba. Shot in Big Sky country during the Easter holidays, *Heartland* brought out the pioneer spirit in the Los Angeles-based 36-year-old. She donned uncomfortable boots, six pairs of underwear, and even took to wading down cast-off canyons—a considerable concession for a lady of her girth. Much to *"Tacky Old Girl"*, Ferrell is taping yet another TV show (McKenzie Lane, starring **James Arness**), while she waits for her next film. After *After 8*, "There is nothing left to be learned from being poor," she says glumly. "And I have to sleep with male friends prior to before I can write a biography."

Kean and Steve Harvey have more to do than a penchant for taking lifts at breakfast spreads. The "Crazy Comicals" share a grand old one-diner to wit: "That's the good, isn't it? To be on top," says the 36-year-old *Real* host. *Postcards*, 38, who missed that distinction by 24 of a month at *Arrest* last season, adds, "I don't like to do things poorly." The duo left for *Stage* last week to join the other members of the Canadian sitcom team who are already in training for the first one of the season. Val d'Arde, Premier, early in December. Undaunted by their injuries—*Real* goes to her legions in a spectacular fall in Germany, West Germany, last January and *Postcards* separated his shoulder in a bicycle crash last May—the pair in concert of cynicism is wise. "I'm ready to go all out," warns *Real*. Clear the hill.

Inspired by the late **Andy Warhol**'s comprehensive trait, cartoonist and best-selling author **Ran Wick**, 33, recently published his own *Andy Warhol*. This one is a collection of essays in revealing the upper crust. "Cartoonists are fairly benevolent, but it's not their fault," says Wick (in his best Cockney accent). "They haven't had a chance to study the



Heartland heroine Ferrell, King with his De Lorean: kitchen sink laugh



More over *Mercedes*. The De Lorean has landed. The mid-winged, stainless-steel beauty dreamed up by former Detroit whiz **John De Lorean** was delivered to its first Canadian owner last week. **Edmund King**, 48, a vice-president and director of leading investment bank **Wood Gundy Ltd.**, happily left his station wagon to tip around Toronto in the sleek silver machine with its soft leather interior. "To be in it," followed "Kate in *Cobra* and *Travis* Alton were speeding along and racing back in just to get a look," he chuckles. **Wood Gundy** was one of De Lorean's original backers five years ago and it helped him to locate the unlikely plant site

Glynn's medal winner wrapped up the thing of his latest brain wave — a one-hour \$2-million-plus CBC TV special called *Shogun* for "If it's not a success, I could be the man who single-handedly bankrupts the CBC," speculates the star. The scenario is predictable. With help from fellow states **Peggy Fleming** and singer-dancer **Cher**, **Newton** shows through a tapestry of fables about the warrior who meets the imaginary characters he paints. "Perhaps I'm an egomaniac or perhaps I'm a victim of my own fantasies," he muses.

"I just got it. Beautiful," says **Garfield** the cartoon cat. And his creator, **Jim Davis**, is doing just that. Since 1985, when the *Nation*, Ind., native managed to convince New York City's United Features to reproduce the adventures of his possible puss, the strip has been printed up by more than 800 newspapers worldwide. "I'd rather not do anything else between now and retirement or death... whichever comes first," says the 35-year-old artist. That is hardly surprising. His company, **Paws, Inc.**, is currently separating the marketing of everything from *Garfield* to *Garfield* underwear. Next spring there is a prime time animated special on CBS and, after that, who

whether the lady would be a boy or a girl. Romantic novelist **Barbara Cartland**, Dana's step-grandmother, plumped for the former "because it is what every English man and woman wants in America they want to prefer girls." Debut's *Forage* checked the liturgical odds and reported it might be

Diane before the simple proclamation



monopheme "today sound." But none of the American ladies was interested. Then **Paul Payton** producer Ram heard the demonstration tape when Koffman was called in to direct some new tracks on another of his releases, **Money**. **McLauchlin's** *Shore* Working "the money," recalls Koffman. "He couldn't believe it was me and that the session wasn't done in L.A." Soon after, Koffman was signed to *Blair*, and his album is slated for a January release. Now the 32-year-old musician worries that the new funk-fusion style "may turn off some of my older fans who expect me to play *Blair* and *Shore*. But it will attract a wider audience."

Rosemary Dunmore has spent the past eight years pushing the boards in Canadian theatres. That it took a favorable foreign review to make local critics sit up and take notice. Hailed by the *Montreal Star*, *Telegraph*, and best actress of the Edinburgh Festival for her performance in *Shogun* *Almond* *Dunmore*, Dunmore gave a virtuoso performance of a 40s Ohio farm girl who begins to sing with the big boys. Riding the crest of success back in Toronto and new reviews from local scribbles, Dunmore still has time for personal pursuits—marriage to actor **Peter Onorati**. "The theatre agreed to film the show a day early so we could get married," she says. "But I've just been offered the lead in a [CBS drama series] *For the Record*, so there goes the honeymoon."

In an extraordinary use of the news media, U.S. communications multi-millionaire **Walter H. Annenberg**, 73, took out a full-page advertisement in *The Washington Post* last week. Headlined **CANADA'S ENFRANCHISEMENT**, the piece celebrated Canada's cable TV regulations, which prohibit foreigners from owning more than 30 per cent of a cable TV system and bar them from cable company directorates. "Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau's** attitude to 'Canadianism' in country's culture and economy at the expense of the United States has brought [the American Congress to the] brink of retail legislation." "It did not in part," Annenberg, a former U.S. ambassador to Britain, has investments in TV *Canada*. He sold the *Canada* edition in 1976, when changing tax laws made it less profitable. The 1,800-word message concluded with dark warnings about the delayed Alaskan pipeline. "Certainly it would seem safer to clarify the Alaskan gas and ship it south by tanker rather than send it through a vulnerable pipeline that could be plugged at any time by Ottawa."

—ROBERT H. BARNARD MATTHEWS



Garfield at home in 800 newspapers

knows? In any case, screens *Real*'s changed *Garfield* much. But in Davis' new look, *Garfield*, *Super*. Then left the anthropomorphic feline in thrown eating chicken and taking his much loved bath for the last time. The cartoonist artist dropped these activities when cat lovers protested.

Last week's official proclamation Wales straightforward. "It is announced from Buckingham Palace that the Princess of Wales is expecting a baby in June next year. A thousand well-wishers immediately flocked to the Guildhall in London to cheer 'Lady Di' and Prince Charles as they arrived to lunch with the Lord Mayor. An British clubbed news in local papers, the House of Commons passed a motion of congratulatory wishes to the Princess 'sweetest' husband and suitable self-fulfilling. Bookshelves began taking bets on

West Belfast, Ireland, where 90 years a day are now rolling off the line. With a top end of more than 300 km/h, reasonable gas consumption and responsiveness built in by some of Europe's top engineers, the \$92,000 price tag isn't outrageous, says King. And there is no need to worry about winter's rages. The realistic stainless will stand up just like a kitchen sink.

Not satisfied with weekly exposures in 42 countries on TV's *Shore* on ice, skate-artist-writer **Todd Green** is looking to the home arena for new heights. Before he embarked on a three-month for *Canada* tour, the 32-year-old

tying. And everyone speculated as to whether or not Charles would attend the birth. The *London Times* was so right about the outcome. "The prince constitutional date of a Princess of Wales is to produce a male heir," it said sweetly.

Mae Koffman has been one of Canada's best-known names since the late 1950s, when he released the pay hit, *Serenity* *Shirley* *Shaw*. But it took major producer **Bob Koffman** to engineer his first American record deal in nearly two decades. The album, *If You Don't Know My Name* *By Now*, was recorded a few months ago with rock guitarist **Dominic Troiano**, three women back-up singers and a host of other young musicians. Koffman recruited the group to give his *Sole* and

rieded upon, Gordon Harrison, Dane's senior vice-president in charge of the Beaufort program, says the firm may need to drill only one core well at Kappas before making a decision to start a major development program. Analysts believe that two or three wells will be necessary. There is a strong case for commercial production by 1986 but, again, some analysts think that it is too optimistic and forecast that it may be 1989 before the Beaufort comes on stream. There is growing considerable weight on its first Beaufort winter drilling, which is being carried out on a new artificial island. The water drilling is a step out well six kilometers from another of discovery, Turin, but the island will permit Dane to drill several directional wells from a single site.



Richards, Gallagher, expensiveness ideas now have more substantial grounding

rather than relying on drill ships, as is currently the case. But while the Beaufort results made the headlines, the much bigger plans may be even more significant. Says Westfield's lights "The Hudson's Bay deal was one of the shrewdest deals I've ever seen by an oil company." It is a turn-of-mind and savvy. Mr. Hudson's Bay paid \$2.5 billion for 10% of the 10.3 billion, making the largest acquisition in Canadian corporate history. In August, Dane made a proposal to acquire the remaining shares but it was rejected by the Hudson's Bay Co., the largest minority shareholder with 10.3 per cent. Under the new Canada Business Corporations Act, two-thirds of the shareholders must approve an amalgamation proposal. Bringing the series of proposals and, at a meeting in St. John's, the King Edward Hotel, a final plan was put together which the Bay supported. An 1800 shareholders' meeting in mid-December will consider the offer.

The merger would not only give Dane cash, but would also stick it with nearly

\$4 billion in long-term debt and preferred shares. Interest and dividend obligations for the preferred shares will total \$1.3 billion annually and every one per cent change in the prime interest rate will change the annual costs by \$60 million. Agreed, Dane Senior Vice-President John Brown, "I understand the situation is tighter than normal, but it is clearly quite manageable." He added, told an American Stock Exchange symposium in Vancouver in mid-October. "We have plans in progress involving several transactions that will enable us to re-establish a more normal debt level and return us to a strong cash-flow position."

At Dane headquarters these plans are called "Phase Three" and they may involve several courses of action. For



The perpetually sweeping broom

The trading floor of the Vancouver Stock Exchange (VSE) has become a cleaner place as its business moves into new quarters. There, even mopping is banned, and the only thing in the air is the hope that scandals stay in the past. The embarrassment of well-published stocks on roller coaster rides is a long way off three years of growth that has seen the VSE become second only to Wall Street in the volume of shares traded in North American markets. But the huge increase—\$4.4 billion in 1986, versus only \$1.6 billion in value—has made scrutiny of new companies difficult.

Help is on the way, however, for the overworked superintendent of brokers, the government-appointed official who listens to the complaints. A month after he received an independent report from Peter Stanley on the VSE last week, Peter Hyndman, British Columbia's minister of consumer and corporate affairs, hired eight employees, bringing the total to 26. They are badly needed. "The superintendent has fewer staff than the Ontario Securities Commission (OSC) but handles four times the volume of filings," says Stanley, an accountant who was once a member of the exchange's board of governors. Warren the report "The danger of a violent explosion in the securities industry in British Columbia is ever present, while standards and requirements remain below those of New York, London and Toronto. If it comes it will be disastrous." VSE Chairman Page Calvert disagrees. "The exchange will always be made 'volcanic' by a venture capital market and entrepreneurs have to take risks," he declares. "A stock market can never anywhere."

Hyndman, who traded all his other stocks for the still trading shares in the publicly owned SC Resources Invest-

Now VSE trading floor replaced explosion



Stanley: help is on the way

ment Corp. when he became a cabinet minister last January, maintains that the small investor's chances on the VSE are getting better. They couldn't get much worse according to another—unreleased—study of the market between 1963 and 1978. That study showed that an investor was likely to lose five times out of six, while promoters averaged all the profits. Other embarrassments are more current: the VSE is still trying to extradite a former vice-president of the exchange from England to face 38 charges, which include swiping script companies and breaches of trust. Then there are dumping allegations in price like the one last year that saw shares in New China Uranium Ltd. shoot from \$1.50 to \$29.50 and down to 46 cents currently. Robert Scott, who has been president of the exchange for the past five years, is resigning at the end of this year. Says his health was strained by the pressures of overseeing the market during a time of disturbances and rapid expansion. While stock prices are now being watched more closely, after years of profligate SC has put to match Dane's tougher securities laws. With Peter Hyndman pressing new legislation by next spring, Peter Stanley hopes his president's explosion may occur before then.

—WILSON GRAY



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Nattrass taking aim at a sixth world title: an inspiring range of victory

Another crown for the girl with the golden gun

By Andy Shaw

As orange rim pagans flash across the sky, the best woman shooter in the world takes aim with a vengeance. So it Susan Nattrass, a jenny maker's daughter from Edmonton. "I think like a man when I shoot," but when the backdrop to those hurtling pagans is beautiful, "I react like a woman—and shoot better." Last week, in Taumau, Argentina, Nattrass did both and was an invincible sixth straight women's world champion.

Unsurprised by the sprawling northern Argentine backdrop, that set over the local forest heretics would call "Beautiful," Nattrass endured a superequipped 40°C first day, a murky, low-light second day, and a thunderstorm-overshadowed third. She managed to crush 189 of 200 clay pagans before the championship ended. What was in-

spiring was her range of victory—16 targets better than runner-up Mariette Colanin of France. Her official said, "It is probably the biggest target in world biathlon history." Nattrass said simply, "My father taught me to concentrate. I don't let conditions bother me."

Nattrass rates her climb to the podium in Taumau as the toughest of her trials in reaching on top. "I was really worried about this one. Our club at home closed down, so it was difficult to practice. I've got a pinched nerve in my shoulder and something wrong with my back. I couldn't play volleyball or racquetball, so I've put on weight and I think that hurt me here." But the pain wasn't half of that when Nattrass was forced to endure while winning her first world title at Bern, Switzerland, in 1974. "They took an instant rest at the end of a downhill run of me just a few

weeks before the championship."

As in Bern and in the tense and dramatic ranges around the world, Susan's mother, Marie, was in Taumau. "I lost my father early, but he is a shooter, and when a shooter watches you all he can see is mistakes. So he always sends my mother instead." Marie Nattrass, who has never fired a gun, is the calving target of Susan's snobs, grins and grimaces between shots. Later, from the clubhouse porch, daughter helps mother keep track by reading scores off a distant leader board that is a blur to everyone else. Typically, as Marie's tally in Taumau showed, Susan shot best when it mattered most. She had triggered her Italian slugs unsteadily on the first day, and her lead was a mere two targets. But in the gloom of day two, she sent aside any pretensions by laying nine targets ahead. On the final day, Nattrass' misses were few, but telling. Had she hit the final target ("I really wanted 190"), she would have placed ninth against the world's top male biathletes and two places ahead of the top Canadian male, John Friesen. "That is the difference between Susan and the rest of the women," says Canadian team coach Ron Fisher of Calgary. "She knows how to compete."

An ace of Canada's most prominent athletes, the 28-year-old Nattrass says, "I do get a lot of pressure from friends to be more aggressive. But I have very traditional views on marriage and the family. I have a lot of friends who are wives, and they know I'm no threat." Nattrass nonetheless comes in for her share of bluster—and is clearing an world championship. At the ruckus-rung windup festa at the Tiro Federal Gun Hall, Nattrass joked with a shooter on the U.S. men's team, "Listen, if you weren't married, I'd hustle your boss off."

There is more question as to how much longer Nattrass will continue to enjoy victory parties and million-dollar titles. Last week she was looking at retirement. "I'll continue another year's world's but I'll be thinking my PhD [in sports sociology] soon and then seeing if anyone will employ me. It may be difficult to combine both." Even if Nattrass does retire, there is no guarantee she will be able to resist taking her gun from the rack again, especially for the Olympics in 1988. They will be held in Seoul, South Korea, where Nattrass won the 1978 world title, setting the current women's record of 206 of 200. The more mention Nattrass's wife remembers, "Ah, the range in Seoul," trees all around nearly mountains in the background. Of all the places in the world where I have shot, it is the most beautiful." Such scenery is bad news for other shooters—women and men alike. ☐

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A legacy of brutality

The shameful tale of the Chinese experience in Canada



Drainage of Chinese workers during the 1950s gold rush. Rock-salt industrial

THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN
CBC, Nov. 21

Despite the weariness or intrinsic interest of their subjects, cinematic documentaries have a habit of looking the same. Centering on issues that are universally of greatest interest, they drive into the historical background, provide testimony with a suitably emotional narrative and guarantee (usually with a chorus of talking heads) one lesson for a dumfounded to try something new, along the lines of Frederick Wiseman's *Moscow*, shown last month on air in the U.S., has unblinkingly exposed the worst side of the Russian industry without narrative, scope or comment, and it was so transfixing as it was confronting. Perhaps a subject as commonplace as fashion is thought too trivial and Wiseman's technique too playful to bother with by producers who hunger to record their indignation. Terence Macartney-Filigate's *The Golden Mountain* is a case in point.

On Remembrance Day two years ago, Macartney-Filigate telecast an astonishing five-plus hours of work, *Deepse 1312*. This year, he returns with a documentary about the Chinese experience in Canada—a story as rich and often appalling that we regret the creation and editing of its documentary ruying.

The story begins with the 1850s gold rush in British Columbia's Fraser Valley. Boredoms of men from China lured the Pacific to make their fortunes with the intent of eventually re-

turning to their families. Instead, they came to know back-breaking slavery, loneliness and vicious beatings in from white workers because, as the narrator remarks again and again, they worked longer and for less—they were "unfair competition." The dramatized scenes of their lives being tormented and their soles of gambling and opium recall the bleak romance of *McGee* and *Mrs. Miller*. Also, as the indictment of Canada's racism grows, visually the program loses most of its appeal, switching from drama to gossamer close-up interviews.

But the indictment remains rock-solid. As late as 1950, the government passed a Chinese exclusion act, which was not repealed until 1947 (after the Chinese had proved their patriotism by fighting the Japanese). In British Columbia, the Chinese did not have the vote until 1948. But official brutality was only the tip of the iceberg; the Chinese were routinely scorned as "bachelors"—even where Christians—and thus subjugated. In bad times, drunken raids as Chinatown were local sport. But the Chinese endured, though Macartney-Filigate does not really come to terms with the violence and the supportive robustness of the Chinese community, which helped them grow from an all-male band of cattle laborers into one of the most energetic and creative minorities in Canada today. A great saga remains untold, and perhaps we wait until a Chinese-Canadian *Road to Hell*.

—BILL MACVEIGH

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For the past three years, industry representatives and municipal politicians have struggled to win to find a solution. Conflicting requirements—proper siting, adequate space and accessibility to the subway and expressways—have prevented a decision on a new location. But a resolution is finally

in sight: "I've been in lots of bus stations and this one's by far the worst!"



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on the horizon. Says Steve McLaughlin, Metro Toronto's commissioner of planning and development: "A firm rule is shared by all that the existing site is no good, and a new one will be sited on by Christmas, over and for all."

But the choice of site—there are two—still remains a point of contention in what Gray Coach's marketing manager, Ross Peel, calls a game of "political football." Mayor Art Eggleton supports the downtown location, namely the vast expanse of railway tracks directly behind Union Station, bordered by Yonge and York Streets. Gray Coach, on the other hand, prefers a still-undisclosed site further uptown. Says Peel of the downtown site: "We have done some traffic studies and they show us that this area is already over-congested." But McLaughlin remains unperturbed: "Everyone complains about the traffic, but we're not going to let that mean we're left with miles of ugly, unused railway tracks. It's up to us to get at the root of the problem."

Once the site is chosen, passengers could face a two-year wait for their new terminal. In the meantime, Gray Coach, which owns the station, will have to do more than apply sense head-agers to alleviate the more pressing problems, especially in light of Gray Coach's recent market surveys, which show that national average daily passenger figures have risen from 26,146 in 1978 to 35,368 in 1980. Adams Peck: "Often passengers will arrive 20 minutes early for a bus, stand in the ticket line for half an hour and then miss their bus." With the price of gasoline expected to soar, more people will likely opt to leave the driving to the bus companies.

—HEATHER BRIDGALL



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ART

Mementos for the visitors

A Calgary exhibition casts light on the neglected Haida art of argillite carving

Shortly after arriving at Calgary's Glenbow Museum two years ago as assistant curator of ethnology, Carol Shookan was asked to sift through neglected storage cabinets of Northwest Coast native art. Upon reaching the final cupboard, Shookan pulled out a succession of drawers and gaped in astonishment. As she examined their contents, she soon realized the Glenbow possessed one of the most comprehensive collections of Haida argillite carvings anywhere. Rising into the curator's office, she asked, "Do you know what you've got in there?"

It's not surprising that the carvings were tucked away crumpled in drawers. Until recently, Haida argillite carvings were relegated to the realm of "souvenir junk." But an exhibition of 170 such carvings, currently on display at the Glenbow, provides a fresh historical and artistic perspective for the form. Entitled *Paper Boat and Smoke Snake*, Cost that won't show, the show reflects the tumultuous and often tragic history of the Haida people since their first contact with white colonists at the beginning of the 19th century. Because the carvings are extremely fragile, the show will not tour but will remain on display at the Glenbow until September, 1988. Unlike

Pipe from the first period (1800 to '25), evoking the realm of "souvenir junk"



By 1986, the pulp and paper industry plans to make a 39% reduction in the amount of purchased energy and to produce every ton of product (compared with 1972). That is enough to heat all the houses in Montreal and Vancouver for a year.

Target for 1984

The pulp and paper industry has pledged to make dramatic savings in the fossil fuels and electricity it buys.

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This pile of sawdust, bark, wood waste, a "by-product," is sold for up to \$1,000,000 to cement a boiler so it can use hot fuel. This is one of the ways to achieve energy self-sufficiency and to conserve nonrenewable fossil fuels.

uct. By 1986, it expects to cut its use of purchased energy by 30 per cent. This represents an amount of energy that could heat over 700,000 houses.

The pulp and paper industry is Canada's largest manufacturer and its largest user of industrial energy. So its energy conservation efforts make an important contribution to the solution of Canada's energy problems.

The answer seems simple enough: burn bark, sawdust and other left-overs; insulate; convert boilers; develop pulp and paper processes that use less energy.

But converting a single boiler to burn bark and sawdust can cost up to \$3 million. To reuse liquid waste might require capital expenditures amounting to more than \$80 million. To improve insulation on production equipment could cost about \$700,000. These solutions are expensive. If you have insulated your house lately, you know it costs money today to save money in the future. And it will take years to earn back your investment. The same economic reality holds true in industry.

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the richly spiritual Haida cedar carvings, the spiritlike carvings were not a traditional native art form prior to the arrival of the white man. Indeed, the Haida originally carved the finely grained carbonaceous rock found on the Queen Charlotte Islands far sale to 19th-century tourists—explorers, fur traders and settlers. The shrewd Haida merchants enhanced the carving's commercial value by suggesting the sculpture could only be acquired at one specific site, that it had to be kept moist while carving and that, once hard, it was impervious. All of which was untrue, a mere sales ploy.

As a result of this commercial image, few scholars treated the carvings seriously. An exception was the late Wilton Duff, a University of British Columbia anthropologist under whom Shookan studied. Drawing on Duff's meticulous observations and her own insights, Shookan divides the carvings into four stylistic periods which narrow the degree of cultural upheaval experienced by the Haida. The first period, 1800 to 1835, is represented by several elaborately carved pipes. Traditional Haida motifs are jumbled in nonsensical depictions, as if the artists were attempting to export their cultural symbols without tampering with sacred traditions.

The playfulness developed into visual puns during the second period (1835 to '50), poking fun at unsuspecting Europeans. Long, flat paddle pipes depict a tableau of Europeans in indescribable aerobic poses. A small pox epidemic and a plague of other diseases that ravaged the Haida between 1870 and 1899 resulted in the third major period of the art. Throughout the time of pestilence, the beleaguered artists sought to preserve their culture and its myths, such as the Bear-Skinner legend, through the carvings. Tall black totem poles are the most familiar manifestation. The final period begins with an unimaginative stage where the art form and culture nearly died out, progressing to the edification of the present, created by the resurgence of pride by the native people in their heritage.

The recent works generally blend the old with the new. A carving done specifically for the show depicts the artist as the Eagle Dancer at a contemporary potlatch feast. Robert Davidson Jr., a 35-year-old Haida artist whose grandfather was one of the most accomplished of the early spiritlike carvers, summarizes the pride of the cultural revival. "As a kid I really hated being a native. If you watched a movie, the Indian was always portrayed as a barbarian, while the white man was always righteous. I feel this show is a positive thing. It shows another side to the native."

—GORDON LEGG



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The financial institutions which are closest to performing banklike functions – sometimes called “near banks” – are mainly trust companies (and their associated mortgage loan companies), credit unions and co-ops associations.

What is a chartered bank?

A chartered bank is an institution named in the federal Bank Act and governed by that Act. Banks are closely regulated by various federal government bodies, primarily the Department of Finance, and they're responsive to the Bank of Canada, the government's central bank, which regulates credit and currency in the interests of the country's economy.

The "near banks" by and large are under provincial regulation, and are indirectly responsive to Bank of Canada influence.

Banks are the financial "supermarkets"

In recent years, banks have become full-service supermarkets of financial services, especially with considerable expansion of their mortgage and consumer lending activities.

Though they offer services similar to those provided by banks, these companies are not a different kind of bank; they're a different type of institution.

What sets trust companies apart from banks is the fact that they are also in the fiduciary business, that is, the managing of people's assets (property and money that we own,



banks, trust companies and credit unions appear to be the ones that they've not

(measured in dollars and cents) and handling of crates.

If, for instance, you receive an inheritance and don't feel qualified to manage it, you can appoint a trust company as your agent to manage it for you. Real estate bequeathment is also an active function of many trust companies.

Banks spread their funds

Banks have much more diversified loan portfolios. By law, banks must quite severely limit the proportion of their lending which goes into mortgages.

Banks cannot offer trustee services. Nor can they act as real estate brokers.

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Close supervision.

All of these financial institutions are supervised by government authorities. But here again, there are differences in the rules which are applied.

Banks, for instance, have to keep cash reserves. These funds are largely held by the Bank of Canada, and the banks earn no interest on them.

On the other hand, trust companies can and do earn interest on their reserves. And credit unions and savings banks can take advantage of favorable tax rules established for co-operatives, while banks are taxed as commercial corporations.

A wide choice

So, you see, there are differences (as well as similarities) between banks and "near banks".

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Healing electrically

Doctors are tapping the potential of the body's electricity

By Pat Ohiendorf

In 1974, British pediatrician Cyrilus Hingworth stunned the medical establishment with the discovery that children under 18 could regenerate the last digit of severed fingers and toes, and even walk again. How this happens is still a mystery, but scientists now believe the answer could lie in a minute electric current the body produces when injured. Thus, they believe, triggers the shocked nerve to regenerate. As the nerve grows, the surrounding muscle and bone rejoin, and the digit reforms intact. If the electricity theory holds, regeneration for adults may be possible.

As futuristic as such speculation may sound, regeneration is but one possibility in a burgeoning field: electric medicine. By tapping the body's own electric currents or introducing acceptable currents into the tissues, doctors are successfully diagnosing disease, reducing pain and treating patients suffering

from epilepsy or multiple sclerosis. In fact, research and treatment are spreading almost astonishingly. So far, scientists have discovered that different types of body cells produce and respond to specific strengths of electricity. One of the researchers' primary aims is to hook into these external potentials to discover just the right amount of current or strength of field to affect a particular tissue or condition. "We're talking about 'vibes' for bones to turn on or nerves to start growing. These are very subtle phenomena," says University of Toronto physician Bruce Patterson, who is working on pinning down the mysteries of regeneration.

He has already observed that whereas one microamp of current speeds up nerve growth, 50 microamps have no effect, that a negative electrical field excites growth and a positive field inhibits it, and even that different frequencies of current trigger cells to release different chemicals. After working with "literally hundreds of



The central nervous system: plugging into a complex array of electrical connections

started walking after we'd implanted the stimulators." But, he cautions, the work has been done on growing children who have had extensive physiotherapy and might have improved anyway.

One reason many physicians have suspended judgment on the new electro-treatment for cerebral palsy, believes Dr. Adrian Upton, a neurologist at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ont., is that "in a lot of the early work with surface and deep-brain stimulators, people just isolated them on," sometimes with no apparent improvement in patients' muscle control. "There's potential benefit for any patient with these devices, but you have to adjust the current from the stimulator to fit each individual," adds Upton, who has devised a method of biofeedback that does just that.

Whereas the brain implants are generally employed only for very severe cases of cerebral palsy, a noninvasive project beginning this month at the Ontario Crippled Children's Centre in Toronto aims at improving muscle co-ordination in children who are able to walk either unaided or wearing a brace.

Based in part on previous work to correct sodium (correctors of the spine) by means of an externally applied current,



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Amputated fingertip of one-year-old child (left), and three years later



from epilepsy or multiple sclerosis. For almost a century, neurosurgeons have been familiar with the complex array of electrical connections in the nervous system. But until the development of the first pacemaker in the 1950s, neurophysiological technology prevented these insights from application to treatment. However, with the development of low-current micro-stimulators for space programs and other fields, new techniques of electrical device and techniques have filtered down to laboratories and hospitals around the world and offer hope for many patients, especially those whose conditions can't be completely controlled with surgery or drugs.

The side effects of electricity are almost nil (burning the tissues with too much current is very unlikely in the hands of a trained technician). As a

result, Patterson has succeeded in finding the right current—one micro-amp—to speed up the regeneration of the axis nerve in the leg. "The next step will be to get fingers in adults to regenerate," he says. Cerebral palsy—a disorder in which muscles become spastic, joints are stiff, and movement is difficult, sometimes impossible, to control—is an area in which treatment with electricity has proved successful. Since the mid-70s, some neurosurgeons have been implanting tiny electrodes in the brain or on the spinal cords of patients severely handicapped by cerebral palsy in an attempt to stimulate the neurons that control muscle tone and co-ordination. Says Dr. Harold Haffner, a pediatric neurosurgeon at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children: "We've seen improvement and a couple of the children



Roscoe, using the body's natural ability to control movements

The new cerebral palsy project will use currents from electrodes strapped to the children's legs to force the muscle opposite the spastic one to contract. This will in turn stretch and condition the spastic muscle. The main hope of the Toronto project, says research associate Stephen Nazarian, is "to teach the brain a normal walk via the peripheral nerves."

Further along than the cerebral palsy work is another area of electric medicine aimed at patients who cannot be helped by conventional means: those with bone fractures that refuse to mend. Despite repeated casts, bone grafts and orthopedic hardware, all but five per cent of such "nonunion fractures" continue to produce fibrocartilage (a form of scar tissue) instead of bone at the break. In the past, amputation has sometimes been the only solution. But during the past seven years, orthopedic surgeons have been reporting successful healing in 80 to 98 per cent of their patients through very mild electrical stimulation applied directly to the fractured bone.

Dr. William Delfino of the University of Calgary has developed a method of applying the electricity by mounting magnetic coils on the patient's cast. The resulting pulsed electromagnetic field, he hypothesizes, "may set up an environment that signals to the bone that it has been injured, encouraging the fibroblasts to become bone." In addition, Delfino reports that colleagues in Calgary have been using the same field of electricity to heal fractures and tendons in rabbits.

In healing bone and treating cerebral palsy, tiny amounts of electricity are pumped into the body. But another, more well-established area of electric medicine makes use of the body's own natural electrical currents to control artificial limbs. The principle is deceptively

simple: the amputee merely thinks of moving his or her arm. Electrodes on the skin of the stump pick up the weak electrical signals in the muscle remnants. Amplifiers then magnify the signal, tripping a circuit that powers the artificial hand or arm. Headed by electrical engineer Rob Scott, a team at the University of New Brunswick has designed a circuitry system for patients with such severe amputations or birth defects that only a fragment of one muscle remains—an advance that offers a fuller life to patients like five-year-old Kevin Roscoe, who was born with part of his arm missing.

This winter, Scott is starting a pilot project for toddlers, using a newly designed forearm and hand that is smaller, lighter and incorporates yet another

rule across the skin with the aid of five radio waves.

Notwithstanding even further into the realm of the miraculous is the work of neuroengineer John Givoni of the University of Western Ontario. By using skin as a receptor for speech sounds, Givoni and Dr. Larry Marks of Yale University plan eventually to give the deaf a new sense of hearing. And by means of a TV camera mounted perhaps in the eye socket and electrode receptors surgically implanted in the brain, Givoni and engineer William Dobbelle of Columbia University hope to give the blind "enough sight to get around in the world," says Givoni. Such projects are still very experimental and he estimates that at least a decade of research will be needed to determine



Delfino and magnetic coil on cast, healing bone fractures that refuse to mend

whether a "wired circuitry" that can distinguish between purposeful and random movements, thus remedying a major problem with very young children: the batteries in their prostheses run down by noon. "If children can be fitted with a prosthesis at age 2 or younger, when they are learning muscle co-ordination in their other arm," says Scott, "the results are incomparably better. They grow up to become functionally two-handed."

Meanwhile, in Vancouver, neurophysiologist Richard Stein and electrical biologist Dean Charles are currently working on a system for patients whose skin is so damaged by burns that electrodes can't pick up the muscle signals. Stein's intriguing solution is to surgically implant electrodes and a radio transmitter "to get at signals deep within the body," which in turn close up the tissues around them. Movement is controlled by a receiver in the prosthesis, which picks up the muscle sig-

als the techniques are feasible.

It remains to be seen whether such ideas will ultimately become reality as merely curious tangents in medical history. Despite such advances in space-age electronics, the major stumbling block in electric medicine may be the technology, far in comparison to the complexities of the human nervous system, the tiny instruments are still primitive. While an average neuron has 20,000 to 50,000 connections, a microchip transmitter has only three. Nevertheless, the successes achieved so far in treating cerebral palsy, in healing resistant bone fractures, and in developing sophisticated electric prostheses should fire other physicians and scientists with hope. "Trying to predict the future of electric medicine may be a little like trying to predict the future of the motor car back in the early 1900s," comments Upton. "A lot of people just never believed that the car would become an everyday means of transportation." ♦

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Courting the handicapped

Business seeks a new market: active disabled consumers

By Patrick Donohue

Business hasn't stopped Elizabeth Davis from handling her own affairs, cheque writing included. The determined Ottawa library clerk had a stern look to fit over her Royal Bank cheques—and spoke up when her new cheques, sporting a different design, thwarted her efforts. Davis complains no more this month the Royal introduces a guide that the visually impaired can fit over standard cheques. The bank had been considering the move for some time, says Wayland Arno, manager of field marketing programs at the Royal's Montreal head office, "but Elizabeth Davis inspired us to forge ahead."

Independence is no longer rare among disabled people, nor is it seen by business as an untapped and growing market. Nearly a million handicapped Canadians work at jobs, school or in the home, the ranks of employed paraplegics to cite one group, have grown by 50

per cent in the past three years. Their increased visibility has sparked not only the development of new products for the disabled, but also the adaptation of existing goods and services. Accordingly, the Canadian Bankers' Association is studying a "template" stencil like the Royal's for widespread use in Canadian banks. To communicate with deaf customers, companies such as Via Rail, Sears and Eaton's have purchased Teletype terminals released last year by Bell Canada. With the proliferation of specially designed housing complexes, more disabled people are living alone, cooking their own meals, and dressing themselves. Their paycheques, while still 50 per cent below average, nevertheless put them in the market for luxuries, entertainment, travel and financial services—as the Royal Bank well knows. Expressed by a tape cassette describing banking services for the blind, Elizabeth Davis reports, "I was so pleased with it that I took out a note."



Amigo's ad: sporty image boosts sales

The special needs of disabled people who live on their own have inspired a host of products. For the wheelchair cook, Mid-Canada Medical offers a kitchen of several height-adjustable components (convenience catches a hefty price: one or two modules can run

from \$1,000 up). Royal Doulton will soon market a line of chinaware for people with impaired motor control (special features include a double-handed mug and plates with rims). Meanwhile, Comfort Clothing Services of Kingston, Ont., has cornered the market in clothes designed for the disabled. Dresses open all the way up the front or back, Velcro often replaces awkwardly placed buttons. Started in 1977, the nonprofit corporation now boasts 40 distributors across Canada. Ellener Bush, one of its founders, cries, "We broke even this year, and for next year we're actually projecting a profit."

In the push for more active lives, some disabled people are abandoning their wheelchairs for jaunty, scooter-like conveyances available in five different makes, two of them Canadian. More maneuverable than wheelchairs (and about half the cost, at about \$4,500), the scooters are capturing the imaginations of consumers. Bob Wright, since last spring a Toronto area sales manager of the Amigo, has boosted sales to 38 a month—up from 20 a year when the scooter languished unmarketed. Amigo's recent ad campaign in Toronto magazines projects a recreational image that Wright undertakes "There's just not the stigma attached to [the scooter]," says the sales manager, himself disabled by multiple sclerosis.



Davis writes a cheque with her stencil: blindness no barrier to independence

"A lot of people I've known have just given up when they had to go into a wheelchair."

Airline travel, once the prerogative of the elite but of late accessible to almost everyone, is at last becoming possible for more handicapped people. Alert to

possible complications in vacation, airlines still require at least 48 hours' notice from any disabled passenger with special requirements. They also consider each case on its own merits. Nevertheless, "Many disabled people are flying because they feel they are being

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A battle to save the caribou

By John Barber

Yet herds of caribou still throng the boundless tundra pastures of the subarctic, the topography created by the winding tracks of the stilled beasts. They are the embryos of the North, just as the great lion herds once symbolized the southern plains.

Yet the caribou, like the bison, could disappear completely by the end of this decade.

The four great caribou herds of the Northwest Territories were once composed of 670,000 animals. Today only 250,000 remain. The wildlife biologists who study the caribou cite two reasons for the decline: over-hunting by northern residents, mostly native people, and predation from the animals' other prey, the arctic wolf. Yet neither poses as great a threat as the disagreement over what remedial action to take. As veteran caribou watcher Tom Bergeron of the University of Victoria says, "The natives are up in arms, the politicians are scared silly, and the caribou are going to pay the price."

The controversy came to a head last month when the various governments joined local native groups in their initiative to form an official board to manage the herds. Composed of eight delegates from five native user groups and five from government, the new board replaces a committee of scientists widely criticized for its political ineffectiveness. Although it has yet to release its mandate, the new board is expected to recommend management policy that will satisfy both native hunters and government.

Yet biologists, the veterans in the battle to save the caribou, see no reason to alter their forecasts. They point to the natives' intrusiveness, saying that regulation of the hunt is all but impossible in the absence of land claims negotiations in the area ranged by the caribou. Typifying the dominant native view is Michael Anaktok, a resident of Baker Lake, N.W.T., and vice-president of the Inuit Tapscott and Genuit Association. "I was

brought up as a hunter," he recalls. "When I was a child, each hunter bought 50 boxes of bullets. Now they don't even use 10 boxes in a season. There's no out-buzzing. Most of the older people believe the caribou are increasing, not declining."

The natives argue that the biologists' method of surveying caribou by tagging

rifles and snow machines, are simply too effective for the caribou. Even though the natives kill fewer animals today than they did when the caribou constituted their sole source of meat, says Miller, the herds were 50 times larger then, and the proportion of animals harvested was not much greater.

"Now it's almost a form of recreational hunting; they are almost like wipers," he says. Moreover, the practice of "spring hunting" (killing more than needed to ensure a good supply) still prevails.

"The native people have the concept of conservation and there is no precedent for it in their culture," Miller maintains. "When they were living off the land they would not have survived if they had practiced conservation, so we define it now."

Regarding the native hunt is not the only sticky political wrinkle between the caribou and survival. Most wildlife biologists agree that 80 per cent of the arctic wolf population must be eliminated to give the caribou even a fighting chance. Although wolf control has become widely accepted in the scientific community, the biologists fear the public reaction to its implementation.

Accepting the biologists' controversial view of "active wildlife management"—including hunting restrictions and wolf killings—will be one of the great challenges facing the new board. Even though the native leaders who originally lobbied for the board might be persuaded to accept some form of restraint in the traditionally wide-open caribou hunt, any measure is expected to face enormous resistance among northern hunters. In the absence of any political will to legislate hunting quotas, the job becomes one purely of moral suasion against a background of considerable antagonism toward the scientists. "I sympathize with their [the natives'] perspective, a lot of it is justified," says Côté. "I would love to see a self-regulating system with no need of interference, but I'd rather see management than extinction." □



them in crowded water crossings causes unnecessary drowning. They also claim that counting birds from low-flying aircraft upsets pregnant females and reduces calf yields. "I really think those charges are baseless," says Frank Miller of the Canadian Wildlife Service in Edmonton. "Until now there just has not been the level of activity to cause those problems." Biologist George Côté, whose Caribou and the Barrenlands recently appeared in bookstores, argues that even the severest forms of anti-hauling have been shown to have no effect on calf yields. The natural life cycle of caribou includes experiences far more terrifying than the sight of an airplane, he contends. "How many times are the caribou chased for miles in cold weather by native hunters in snowmobiles?" he asks. "It's unbelievable that anyone who could do that would claim that harassment by airplanes is killing caribou."

The biologists claim that modern hunters, equipped with high-powered

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Terror among the ruins



McEwan, free prose that deserves to be taken more seriously than a nightmare

THE COMFORT OF STRANGERS
by Tom McEwan
(Toronto, Bantam, \$15.95)

They awaken in a cold Venetian hotel, two English tourists spending the summer in a haze of love. Colin and Mary are obsessed by their intimacy, its desires and little quarrels and reconciliations they not only re-enact each other's life, they also discuss their love openly. Their infatuation is so great that they exchange fantasies of mutual mutilation—obsessive dreams of torture and amputation which merely enhance the power of their love-making. Yet Colin and Mary seem a normal couple, and if normal couples behave like that, what desires and dreams might other people be having?

Tom McEwan's second novel is an cool and subtle, exquisite as china. In its brevity, setting and form it recalls Thomas Mann's classic *Death in Venice*. Yet for all its elegant facade, *The Comfort of Strangers* betrays a fierce, unrelenting struggle within its author. On the one hand, the novel is a thriller: McEwan possesses tremendous narrative power, and the tension continually remains as Colin and Mary pace the streets of the decaying city, conversing disaster with every passing chapter. As a accomplished book, *The Comfort of Strangers* is ripe to become an awful movie. On the other hand, the book is intended as a study of paternalistic attitudes and an abnormal psychology of sex. Prefaced by some lines from Friedrich von Schlegel's *Revolution*, it also seems a perfect illustration of one of Gertrude Stein's wisest observations about men: "The final attack of

male mania for men is that each man kills the thing he loves.... The sexual exploit must be conquest, not collaboration and mutual tolerance." This is important and poorly explored territory, but in tailoring his words to the demands of a sensational plot, McEwan leaves his analyses of sexual politics without the depth it deserves.

He seems, indeed, to be holding himself back wildly. Part of the haunting effect of the novel arises from its lack of a social dimension: not knowing Colin's job, background or surname, we can only find among his experiences the terror of our own dreams. Yet it is not enough simply to haunt. *The Comfort of Strangers* demands to be taken more seriously than a nightmare. On the final page McEwan suggests that "the usual imagination, man's ancient dream of having, and women of being hurt, embodied and declared a powerful single unifying principle, which distorted all relations, all truth." He expresses beautifully the day-to-day, moment-by-moment relationship of Colin and Mary but he chooses not to give any context for private emotions or to show any of the ways in which our imaginations are also shaped by such things as money, religion, nationality, education and social class.

Although McEwan has accomplished exactly what he set out to achieve, the very beauty of his prose—a mediated quality that looks every syllable and every image into its appropriate place—deprives the novel of spontaneity. This is not a book with guts. Furthermore, it's possible to see it as entirely different implications from those McEwan

indicates. As their holiday slides away, Colin and Mary find themselves involved in the peculiar suspense of two Venetian residents, an involvement that leads to a brutal climax. To anyone who takes the novel seriously, it describes something more than the surprising effects of patriarchy it describes evil. McEwan puts the reader in the position of a voyeur who, by choosing to observe a grisly ritual, becomes a kind of participant. The consequences are not limited in sex, for besides *Death in Venice* there is another term of the century class to which this best tale of travel and death has affinities: *Heart of Darkness*. *The Comfort of Strangers* is good enough to leave a taste of horror in the mouth.

—MARK ADLER

Boxes built of the wrong stuff

FROM BATHHOUSE TO OUR HOUSE

by Tom Wolfe
(McGraw-Hill, \$15.95)

Cute title, egggy prose and a running sense of what can be made controversial—who else but Tom Wolfe? With *From Bathhouse to Our House*, the founding father of New Journalism assaults the bastion of modern architecture, presenting all the way to the bank that we live in glass boxes for which we pay a great deal of money but don't actually like. Armed with exclamation points, ellipses, puny citations and raging repetitions, he rails against the sorry pass public and private structures have reached.

The purpose of Wolfe's writing in this

Wolfe, acting for clutter of some kind



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book, in many cases a demonstration of how his gift has progressively worsened and become unforgivably static, is to prove a point. It's willing to give you the Bauhaus school of design, led by Walter Gropius, or the "Silver Prince," succeeded in creating the sterile modern world of shopping malls and heavy high-rises. The Bauhaus school, which included such giants as Le Corbusier and Mies van der Rohe, took it upon itself to remove what it considered the deadwood of decoration from architecture—to start from scratch and slowly build a new architecture. Clean, often austere lines, a reduction of color and the use of mass-produced material such as steel and concrete were employed to create non-bourgeois living spaces, or, as Wolfe would have it, to "re-create the world out of the rubble of post-First World War Europe. Wolfe might have been expected to mention that this great rethinking of design grew out of an economic need as much as anything else.

But not. According to Wolfe, the cult-dead of modern architecture can be traced back to dirty socialism—a great part of the world looks awful because these socialist-winded theoreticians slowly infiltrated the North American landscape with their high-and-nifty



Seagram Building, a communist plot?

ideas. It's a convenient plot, for God's sake! However, the author never considers the mind of the artist for a minute. Might it be possible that people such as Gerrit Rietveld, Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson became passionate about an aesthetic and pursued

it? Two dreams of perfection. In New York city—the Seagram Building and the Gilchrist Building—are dismissed with a wave of a master-gloved hand.

Thus brief tract on the progress and cumulative effect of "loss of nerve" is so gratefully and dialectically insisted on following through its theme that other considerations are swept under the rug and several absurd tangents sprang up like a flea who will hop onto any dog. Wolfe denounces Arnold Schoenberg's 12-tone music and George Balanchine's dance abstractions. The heroes of the Wolfe theory are those who rebelled against the Bauhaus: Edward Durrell Stone (the Kennedy Center), John Portman (creator of the luscious gardens and expensive atria for Hyatt hotels) and the Holy Ghost of this passion play, Frank Lloyd Wright. Great yelps of gosh are sent their way, much like the send-off given the astronauts of Wolfe's *The Right Stuff*.

Current architecture desperately needs reexamination, and the glass-box building has served more than its purpose. That is not to say that all assemblage is displeasing, yet the moral of *Pross* is obvious: it is, typically, spurious. Never elaborating the complexity of the issue at hand, Wolfe's writing has soared and stilled, but is probably well-served to the Age of Reagan: it batters the right side when implying that

the "International Style" of the Bauhaus is a veritable social disease.

To be fair, Wolfe has a genuine concern for an age that feeds on lies and hermetic schools of thought that allow no individual glory. The computer, with all its streamlined classifying and coding, truly frightens him. The man who for choice of some kind, which he provides through all the name-dropping in his book. Interestingly, Tom Wolfe's books suggest that what you know is not as important as who you know.

—LARRY KING OTTOLENGHI

Reducing the lurid to the legal

BY REASON OF DOUBT

by Ellen Godfrey
(Chicago, *Press*, \$15.95)

In 1978, Cyril Beishaw, a 59-year-old professor of anthropology at the University of British Columbia, returned home from Switzerland halfway through his sabbatical year. His wife, Betty, had disappeared in Paris; he never returned.

Two months later, a crew of roadworkers discovered a partly decomposed naked female body 60 km from the Beishaws' Swiss residence. When lo-

cal police learned from the Canadian Consulate in Bern about the disappearance of Betty Beishaw, they asked Beishaw for a picture of his wife and a copy of her dental records. He immediately provided a color photograph and wrote to her Vancouver dentist. When the charts arrived, Beishaw carefully applied a white-out to disguise the records. He made five copies and sent the originals.

After four months, the Swiss police were still unable to identify the corpse. On a hunch, they requested "better" dental records directly through the RCMP, who called Beishaw to find out

Godfrey: no motive and no murderer



the name of his wife's dentist. The following morning, Beishaw stated that he had falsified the dental charts because he was psychologically unprepared to face the possibility of his wife's death. When the correct records led to the identification of the corpse as Betty Beishaw, two Swiss investigators were dispatched to Vancouver. They discovered that Beishaw had been having an affair both before and after his wife's death. They invited him to Switzerland to help in the investigation.

Aware of the differences between Swiss (civil) and Canadian (common) law—he would not, for example, have the right to remain silent—Beishaw demurred. But later that year he was arrested at the Paris airport. He fought extradition to Switzerland, and lost. After 300 days in prison, Beishaw was brought to trial on the basis of the "psychological evidence" against him and was acquitted.

Ellen Godfrey attended the trial and extensively interviewed most of the participants. In her resolve to be "seriously fair," she offers a sympathetic portrayal of all concerned. The fact of Beishaw's acquittal puts Godfrey into literary limbo: she can hardly speculate as the motives of a murderer when there is no convicted murderer on hand. Because so much remains a mystery, Godfrey develops a remarkable eye for



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The useless detail, padding out her story with travel guide blurbs of Switzerland and gratuitous descriptions of slim, mustachioed lawyers and their backhanded offers.

But the differences in legal procedure between Switzerland and Canada are sufficiently bizarre to provide interest, and Godfrey is glib and eloquent in describing the peculiarities. Unlike the careful detachment of a Canadian judge, the president of the tribunal remarked that he could understand killing one's wife, but the falsification of her dental records caused him. Similarly exotic, an influential defence lawyer used his own reputation as the basis for the defence of his client.

The first verdict of this "petit-bourgeois" *Vandana* jury was that "a very light doubt" existed. A major piece of evidence was the falsification of the dental records, but the jury admitted to being swayed by the psychology of an Anglo-Saxon. The prosecutor reminded afterward that, had Belshaw been Swiss, he would have been found guilty. Godfrey observes that "Because the Belshaw case was tried on immaterial evidence, it became a question of human nature." This is not the usual thrust of a Canadian courtroom.

By *Review of David* turns a prescient murder mystery into a curious legalistic read. Godfrey persistently presents all the evidence available and insists, like the old British television show, that the verdict is yours.

—ELEANOR WACHTEL.

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New sparkle for a prairie jewel

By Mark Carmichael

Put greatness where beauty on Winnipeg, the prairie jewel of the Prairies. Long regarded as a city of lofty cultural aspirations, its major performing arts organizations have barely survived declining revenues and severe grant cutbacks after a decade of mismanagement and government apathy. Nowhere has the contrast between former glory and dissolution been more pronounced than in theatre, but the appointment of Richard Osofsky as artistic director of the Manitoba Theatre Centre (MTC) and the birth of a new alternate company, Prairie Theatre Exchange (PTE), has revitalized the city's stages.



Osofsky: the rapid ascent of a charismatic wanderlust

Founded in 1964 by Winnipeg favorite sons John Hirsch and Tom Swendy, MTC has traditionally had pride of place among Canada's regional theatres, and especially new that Hirsch and a raft of MTC veterans have taken over the Stratford Festival. It has always dominated

Winnipeg theatre, and the accusation that the city's muted theatrical growth in the '70s (Hirsch left in 1969) resulted from MTC's blatant disregard of local talent still stirs controversy. However, "this amazingly theatrical city," in the words of local playwright

in 1970 in the "30 showed that MTC was not fulfilling its mandate.

Enter Richard Osofsky, the charismatic wanderlust of Canadian theatre, creating a meteoric ascent up the artistic director's ladder that took him from Festival Lenzville to the

reputation almost grew rapidly.

Recently, however, there have been signs of change. Ryga's new plays have been produced by small, locally owned companies, in early October Theatre Bry's Kim Theatre Lab presented *A Letter to My Son* to commemorate the 50th anniversary of Ukrainian settlement in Canada (Ryga, who now lives in B.C., is a first-generation Ukrainian-Canadian). The most ambitious play, *Persepolis*, a multi-levelled poetic drama about the 19th-century abolitionist, will be staged by the National Theatre School next March.

Much of Ryga's work attempts to transcend the doom of daily experience in popular myth, but in a manner like Canada's wild metaphors of its own, he warns: "You won't get stuck on staged documentaries. You have to build things up to another level or else we become a country without heroes." At 40, Ryga's former alter ego and immodest public style may have mellowed, but his moral and spiritual quest continues. His next play? "My plays come from a chance bit of dialogue, an item in a newspaper, looking together a chain of memory and experience. The next one was shaped on which way I turn when I walk out onto the street."

—M.C.

A prophet denied in his own land

The producers of George Ryga's *The Children of Rita Joe*—an impassioned portrayal of a native woman trapped by the white man's culture—at the Vancouver Playhouse in 1967 inaugurated a new era in Canadian theatre. The opening production at Winnipeg's Prairie Theatre Exchange will be nearly the 50th restaging of *Rita Joe* in Canada and abroad, where Ryga is easily the country's best-known playwright. His *Playsmen of the Glacier* has won the top award for West German radio drama two years in a row and *Green and White Strangers* has been running in Prague since January. His voluminous output—43 plays, three novels and a travel book—has been translated into 10 languages, but his work is largely unknown in Canada. Few playwrights have been denied in this country has denied George Ryga.

His output dates back to 1970 after the October Crisis when the Playhouse rejected his political drama *Captives of the Prairie*. He was denied in this country has denied George Ryga.



Ryga alone transcended into myth

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PICKLES'
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onto's Young People's Theatre to 1975
in three short years. Clearly subdued
by Hirsch's pedantic manner, Osew-
man has hosted subscriptions in his
second season by \$900 in five with his
three-year plan to bring audiences back,
keep them there and then move in new
directions. "People here were complai-
ning about no sense of cultural identity,
no interaction between the theatre and
the community," says Osewman,
whose solution to the problem has im-
mediately not sacrificed entertainment
on the altar of high culture. "I believe in
short theatre," he admits. "My belt ac-
tionally starts hiking as I drive
into Stratford—the pedantic are



McColl: explanation and cash-taking

just too long." Often mentioned as a
possible Stratford bet, Osewman's un-
shakable approach to Shakespeare (his
opening "Fanning of the Shrove-easter
Katharina as a punk rocker and Shove-
as a "Jewish prisoner" from Winnipeg's
pink Tuxedo suburb) leaves traditional-
ists weeping in their first editions. But
audience—and the theatre commu-
nity—seem to approve. Says Silver:
"Hirsch was heavily into the middle-
class, and Osewman's the next—the
city needs it."

For a man whose ultimate goals in-
clude running a classical repertory the-
atre in Manhattan, the U.S.-born Osew-
man is surprisingly sympathetic to the
aspirations of local dramatists—as long
as they write good plays. Silver's
Fiddler-By is scheduled for next Janu-
ary, the second Canadian play pro-
duced by YPT since 1967. At the same
time, Osewman is harshly critical of
Canada Council pressure to do more Ca-
nadian plays, claiming that a top-quality
production of a foreign work em-
ploying Canadian talent is just as im-
portant to the development of Canadian
theatre. "It's that old idea—unless
you're doing a Canadian play, you're
really not doing Canadian theatre. I be-
lieve it's ultimately as valid to do both



conservation concepts: what electricity can do when it doesn't go down the drain.
Think about it. If one quarter of the homes in Ontario has one dripping hot water tap,
25 million gallons of water or over a quarter of a million dollars go down the drain in one
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water tap can waste up to 175 gallons a month. A short shower instead of a bath uses
up to 50% less hot water. And installing a "low flow" shower head is an inexpensive way
to save a whole lot more. Make sure there is a full load before you turn on the clothes
washer or dishwasher. Party filled, they use the same amount of hot water as a full load
does. When you can, try washing clothes in cold or warm water instead of hot. Use
cold water for rinsing. If your clothes washer has "suds saver" or water level selector
features, be sure to use them. Insulate hot water pipes, especially if they run through a cold basement. If you're
going away for three or more days, switch off the water heater at the main service panel.

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FILMS

Dim problem children

Three off-season comedies fail to transcend their gimmicks



Group of three brothers: where are the stars taking actors with people to them?

TIME BANDITS

Directed by Terry Gilliam

80 FINE

Directed by Andrew Bergman

CARBON COPY

Directed by Michael Schultz

From late October through mid-November, screens take a nose dive as the studios unleash their problem children—films that wouldn't have a hope of making it when faced with seasonal competition. Apart from shoring off-season release dates, three comedies—*Time Bandits*, *So Fine* and *Carbon Copy*—have something else in common: they're all "idea" movies featuring a gimmick of some kind, and from a model is built a mountain. Someone comes up with an idea (jokes with sea-through rear ends, a white man discovering he has a black son, whatever), interests a star, develops a deal and then proceeds to flesh out or patch together a story after the deal is made.

In the case of *Time Bandits*, some of the Meaney *Psycho* people approach the movie with the notion of a (currently invisible) sword-and-sorcery picture featuring a little boy and a bunch of dwarfs popping in and out through pockets of time. They decide to eat the darkness out of the heart of their previous movies to draw the line to extend and derive comic appearances for Ben Cross, Shelley Long and good old Ralph Richardson as part of the package.

There is a few cheesy special effects, tag from one age to the next and you have *Time Bandits*. The result is silly, inept and appallingly unconvincing.

The Meaney *Psycho* movies once had an untouchable aura to them, with something to amuse or offend everyone. No longer. Like *Time Bandits*, instead of a cheery spirit, *So Fine* has a calculated frantic feel. This time someone decided that when people date and designer jeans were the two big looks for the moment, wouldn't it be terrific if a preppy star (Ryan O'Neal) came upon the gimmick of jeans featuring male cheeks? While the convincing wilderness of *So Fine* is geared toward the underprivileged, who dominate the designer jeans market, the awkwardness of *Carbon Copy* is tailor-made for our black brothers. What if a high-powered executive is faced with a black son from a past liaison? Well, he loses everything but discovers the true meaning of life. *Carbon Copy*, another "idea," is the kind of movie that even a white man might be tempted to call boring, and proof that a comedian named George Segal is now a thing of the past. All of these movies take an idea and labor relentlessly to make it work—they're hard-sell pieces of fluff. The people who made them seem to have lost contact with what an audience demands, which is simply a reasonably interesting story with some people in it. Geared up gimmicks, *Time Bandits*, *So Fine* and *Carbon Copy* are as useless as 28-shoe toasters. —LAWRENCE D'OTTE

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A tour of the frontier

The musical avant-garde has rarely had it as good as it did during the "Bar 11 Live Festival, a two-week "international festival of jazz and improvised music" that opened up last week. Now four years old, Bar 11 Live is an annual touring festival that rotates programs among eight Ontario and Quebec cities: Toronto, Ottawa, Peterborough, London, Kingston, Montreal, Sherbrooke and Quebec City. The wildly experimental exhibition of musical extremes attracted almost 3,000 people, up a full third over last year and a sharp contrast to the meagre audiences that usually greet this type of event.

Bar 11 Live's offerings were, by any measure, extremely demanding. The rules of the improvisational genre almost encourage erratic results because the musicians deliberately set out for uncharted territory. Such creation on the spot needs patient ears willing to



Wachsmann rewards her patient ears

endure frequent passages of testing until the players find an often exhilarating musical ground. Most of the musicians have only a very tenuous relationship with jazz and many, especially Europeans such as pianist and accordionist Fred Van Hove and violinist Philipp Wachsmann, have emerged out of the far fringes of modern "serious music." While New York-based saxophonist Janis Humphill clearly has roots in the scoring, propulsive jazz of the '60s pioneered by Ornette Coleman, live Toronto musicians—pianist Casey Sobel

and saxophonist David Mott—have strayed quite far from jazz-style improvisation. Nevertheless, they returned to it, usually for heavily ritualized concert closures. Mott closed his set at the Music Gallery in Toronto with *Mood Power* with *De Force* and the *Tu-Tu-Tu*, a string of varied rhythm-and-blues riffs connected by acoustic single-line guitar, and the resulting applause was seasoned with laughter.

Such easy communication from the stage was a major reason why "Bar 11 Live found a new, larger roster of avid listeners this year, even in the smaller venues. Although arranged largely through grants (including money from the British, Belgian and Dutch arts councils) to pay for the Europeans' travel expenses, almost half the modest \$20,000 budget for the festival was covered through ticket receipts. Perhaps the great revelation here was that at the event, though, was the involvement of Canada's musical avant-garde. Sobel, the Bill Seckis Rosenbly, Francis Rosenbly and the Dromas Duo provided many of the series' highlights and clearly benefited from the opportunity to play with musicians at the cutting edge of European improvisational music. The music they played may have sounded as faded at points but its overall vigor, ambition and energy were infectious.

—MARK TESSA

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ALL NEWS RADIO

A final showdown for Trudeau

By Allan Fotheringham

The last show has been mounted by a weary-fated bodyguard and the last fight has been burned by a rampaging television camera. That means what passes for civilized conduct in making the one set of the omniscient face of the old Ottawa railway station—in over and we can go back to watching a game where there is not quite as much spinning and body-checking bodies. After parking will grow silent and hardwearing silence will be struck mute—no more a simple debate on the one side, foretold as the option in class will ascend the air.

The thought of what deprived Canadians will have to talk about, not that the construction here is headed to West minister's shore, is not pleasant to behold. With Trudeau having finally called the firm of rebellion by signing executive agreements with Alberta, British Columbia and Saskatchewan, things are so quiet you can almost hear the rags falling over in Allen Mac. Kuchel's head as he is a *Washington Post* reporter become prime minister. A question: who gives a



read is ever helpful, in a suggestion for discussion around the white table? It is the wildest scenario of all but legend all the way through Pierre Trudeau, having driven his own province into isolation with the last-minute constitutional pact, could deal, now returns to Quebec to take on René Lévesque head-to-head in the final showdown over separation.

To get his battered package approved by the Gang of Eight, the prime minister had to let jettison the very man he was prepared to hand with the day before—Lévesque. Quebec's sense of betrayal was merely heightened by that Rip-Rip-In bed with Ottawa on Wednesday, by Thursday morning left completely alone by all the rest.

In the morning, Trudeau is now able to leave Ottawa in triumph as the final goal of his career—getting that zombie page of paper back from the Brits—is Allen Fotheringham is a columnist for Southern News.

achieved. The Liberal party is increasingly convinced that it will never be able to re-establish itself in Western Canada until he is gone. He wants to raise his kids in Quebec, so he has long maintained. But the man who came to Ottawa in the first place is as to convince the Canadians there was a place for them in the federal system (the main achievement history will judge him on), now finds that the threat is no longer in Ottawa—it's in Quebec. Prime Ministers now are well established as the province, already worked by

Quebec as much for granted that they do not fight for seats—their own sound complaint legislators with reservations. The north fury does the rest.)

Lévesque and Trudeau do not like one another from an old movie. It goes back to those heady intellectual days when such as André Laurendeau, Gérard Pelletier, Jean Marchand and a few others were mounting their anti-Duplessis movement. Lévesque and Trudeau couldn't have been expected to kill it off—and didn't. Unlike the sophisticated wealthy Monseigneur, the volatile Lévesque is not an urban creature at all. His background (and his thoughts) on the English came from New Canaan, a little town far out as the northern tip of the Gaspé Peninsula. He was raised closer to Halifax than he was to Montreal.

The two careers have been heading for a crash, particularly all their lives—confronting all their political lives. Lévesque, always contemptuous of Ottawa and feeling that those who went there were betraying their homeland, finally leaving the party of Trudeau and establishing his own. He has always hated nationalism, trying to keep Quebec within Canada by doing his operating from Ottawa.

Now that Claude Ryan has been forced to side with the PQ and Lévesque is a realization demonstrating Trudeau's original constitutional intentions, his role as leader of the Quebec federalism is tarnished. The man to take over, so far as the final showdown, would be Trudeau. The Quebecers would have to make the choice once and for all.

Trudeau seems to have his promise and finish off the separatist dream as Lévesque does a run his career with a defeat of his old foe. The reason it should be done is that I'm sure—as does the rest of Canada—the next trick achieved by the Quebecers they have managed to have it both ways. They have their supermajority, federalism. Trudeau is in Ottawa, while maintaining their street-fighter Lévesque at home. We'd like to have it both ways. The choice would clear the minds of the rest of Canada. And it would be a great show.



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